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THE CONFERENCE.

THERE could be no doubt that, under the pressure of English diplomacy, the Porte would assent to the proposed Conference. Although the Turkish Ministers may probably have little hope of conciliating Russia, they cannot but understand the importance of establishing or strengthening their claim on the good offices of England. Pro-Russian or anti-Turkish writers habitually forget the liabilities which are incurred by active interference on behalf of the Christian subjects of the SULTAN. Remonstrances, whether they are addressed to a Government by friends or by enemies, virtually imply corresponding promises or threats. There is no ambiguity as to the meaning of a Power which openly announces war and invasion as the alternative of compliance with its demands. A friendly or neutral Government, on the other hand, holds out in return for the concessions which it asks, either the offer of alliance or the menace of withdrawing its support. If the English Government is resolved in all contingencies to leave the Porte at the mercy of an implacable enemy, the present negotiations may perhaps be proceeding under false pretences. The Conference will not open under favourable auspices. No other Power has followed the example of England in appointing a Plenipotentiary of the highest political rank. Count CHAUDORDY, a professed diplomatist, has been sent to assist the French AMBASSADOR; and all the other Governments have entrusted the negotiations to their ordinary representatives. It may be inferred from their conduct that they expect no considerable results from the Conference, which Russia may perhaps have already determined to render abortive. The *Times* indeed exults both in the probable adoption of General IGNATIEFF's proposals and in the dictatorial and cynical language which, as it hopes, may have been addressed by Prince BISMARCK to Lord SALISBURY during his passage through Berlin. It seems improbable that a Minister of high rank and great reputation should with his own consent have been despatched by his colleagues to Constantinople for the purpose of recording the humiliating submission of England. Unfortunately, the interpretation affixed to his mission by a portion of the English press is likely to be accepted on the Continent, and especially by Russia. The last European Conference was a frivolous and hopeless attempt to counteract superior force by diplomatic methods. During the Prussian and Austrian invasion of the Danish provinces, a Conference met, at the instance of the English Government, in London, with the professed object of restoring peace; but the German Powers insisted on the absolute submission of Denmark; and the Conference, finding itself powerless, declined a purposeless intervention. It is not desirable, in a more important crisis, to repeat the experiment. The Constantinople Correspondent of the *Times* includes among the offences committed by Sir H. ELLIOT against General IGNATIEFF the appointment by the Porte of its ablest Minister, MIDHAT PASHA, as Turkish Plenipotentiary. It is more intelligible that General IGNATIEFF should prefer the indolent and incapable GRAND VIZIER than that he should find an organ in the English press. The same Correspondent asserts, probably without the smallest foundation, that Sir H. ELLIOT, who is the object of his inveterate enmity, is urging on the Porte refusal of further reforms. If the assertion were true, Lord DERBY would be even more responsible than Sir H. ELLIOT.

If the Russian Government demands, as a condition of peace, the occupation by its troops of any part of the

Turkish provinces, it must be prepared to enforce concession by a declaration of war. There is a noisy English faction which loudly asserts that by no other method can the emancipation of the Christian subjects of the SULTAN be secured. General IGNATIEFF has already taken care to announce that the districts of the Balkan will be especial objects of the benevolent protectorate of Russia. An invitation addressed to the Conference to consider a Russian occupation of European Turkey would be an affront to some of the Powers who are to be represented at Constantinople; but General IGNATIEFF can ask nothing in which he has not been anticipated by English journalists, and by orators who by official rank might claim the character of English statesmen. The chance of useful discussion depends on a contingency over which the Conference can exercise no control. If the Russian Government only requires time to prepare for a predetermined war, all negotiation will be idle. It will be the duty of the Plenipotentiaries, whatever may be their secret convictions, to act on the opposite assumption that Russia relies on the effect of menace rather than on the actual exercise of force. It may even be prudent and decorous to affect belief in the disinterested sympathy of Russia with the people of Bosnia and Bulgaria. It is true that during the recent years in which Russian influence was supreme at Constantinople no effort was made to improve Turkish administration; but tardy repentance may in some degree compensate the neglect of opportunities. The courteous tone of the EMPEROR's statement to Lord A. LOFTUS and of Prince GORTCHAKOFF's despatch to Count SCHOUVALOFF deserves acknowledgment, while neither communication really affects the points which are likely to be in dispute. In assenting to the request of the Russian AMBASSADOR that the EMPEROR's speech should be published, Lord DERBY notices the armaments which might seem inconsistent with pacific language. In substance, both the EMPEROR and his Minister attempt to reassure the English Government, on the assumption that the extreme demands of Russia must be conceded. It would be unjust and disrespectful to doubt the EMPEROR's sincerity when he disclaims hostile designs against England in India and in the Dardanelles; but the Russian Government has lately encouraged the belief that the EMPEROR is compelled to gratify the warlike aspirations of his subjects.

The proposals which are attributed to General IGNATIEFF may, if they stand alone, serve for a subject of discussion or as a basis of compromise. Some of the articles are taken from the ANDRASSY Note or from the Berlin Memorandum; and one document was adopted by the English Government, while the Memorandum was rejected, partly as inopportune and principally because it was avowedly incomplete, and because it included a vague reference to ulterior measures. English Governments have at intervals during many years recommended to the Porte administrative reforms which, if they had been introduced, might perhaps have averted the present difficulties. It would have been strange if friendly advice had corresponded on all points with the demands of an insidious enemy; but England has always urged the extension of equal rights to all sections of the population. It is now alleged by English partisans of Russia that no concession can have practical effect unless it is guaranteed by the presence of a Russian force. The contention, if it is well founded, furnishes a sufficient answer to nearly all the censure which has been heaped upon the English Government. If armed occupation was indispensable, the ANDRASSY Note and the Berlin Memorandum were empty forms. The engagements of the Turkish Government would be as valid now as when ABDUL AZIZ was tottering

to his fall under the baneful influence of the Russian AMBASSADOR. If improvement cannot be effected at present under the sovereignty of the SULTAN, it must have been equally impossible in the beginning of the present year. TARQUIN's Sibyl, to whom the world has for many centuries been indebted for a convenient illustration of the dangers of delay, has much to answer for in the capacity of a substitute for serious argument. TARQUIN was punished for hesitation in concluding a bargain; but no serious statesman, except perhaps in Russia, wants to punish either the Porte or Lord DERBY. The measures which are required in Bosnia are the same which at any other time would have abated existing grievances. If a Russian declaration of war is now inevitable, it could not have been long postponed by the adoption of measures which are denounced as nugatory.

But for the innumerable dangers of interference, it would not be a cause for regret that circumstances have rendered it necessary to disregard in a greater or less degree the sovereignty of the SULTAN's Government; yet it is of the utmost importance that the exceptional nature of the duty undertaken by England, and to some extent by other Powers, should be constantly remembered. The misgovernment of the Turkish provinces is not an event of yesterday, but a chronic condition of affairs in which Europe had passively acquiesced. During more than half the interval between the Crimean war and the commencement of the insurrection in Herzegovina, Mr. GLADSTONE held high office, and had much to do with the direction of public policy. For several years he was Prime Minister; and Mr. LOWE, and for a part of the time Mr. BAIGHT, were members of his Cabinet. In 1870 and 1871 the attention of the Government was especially directed to the Eastern question by the Russian repudiation of a main stipulation of the Treaty of Paris. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government appointed Sir HENRY ELLIOT Ambassador at Constantinople, and made some reduction in the Consular establishment in Turkey; but it never attempted either to drive the Turks bag and baggage out of Europe, nor, except perhaps through occasional diplomatic suggestions, to improve the condition of the Christian population. If any measure of the kind had been proposed which involved either expense or danger, Mr. GLADSTONE would have refused to spend a shilling or to expose a soldier's or sailor's life in a cause which was not immediately connected with English interests. The present Government has been less fortunate; but Lord DERBY from the first adhered to the policy of his predecessors in attaching paramount importance to the maintenance of peace. It was with this object, and probably with full knowledge of the designs of Russia, that he earnestly deprecated the foreign interference which has now brought Turkey to the verge of war. The reproaches which have been addressed to the Government because it declined to identify itself with the cause of the insurgents assume that the policy of England ought to have been suddenly reversed, with consequences which have never been seriously taken into consideration. There is not the smallest reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE or his colleagues would have incurred dangers or sacrifices for the cause which they now consider paramount and sacred.

ITALY.

THE success of the Italian Government in the recent elections has been so great as to inspire its friends with the alarm which is usually excited by the spectacle of sudden and excessive good fortune. The accession of Signor DEPRETIS to power in March was due to a combination produced by what seemed accidental circumstances. The Tuscan deputies joined the Left, and, when the combination succeeded, allowed the Left to retain all the fruits of victory. A coalition was impossible, because the very reason why the Tuscan group, including many of the most respected members of the Chamber, wished to see the MINGHETTI Ministry defeated, was that it thought that government had been too long in the hands of the Right, and that the advent to power of a new and untried set of Ministers was desirable. Perhaps, too, the Tuscans considered that the inexperienced leaders of the Left would be sure to get into trouble, and that it would be wiser not to share the unpopularity of their blunders. But it was soon seen that the new Ministry did not blunder. It was moderate and courteous; it showed firm-

ness in dealing with popular license, and it set itself to uphold the credit of the country and to promote peace as sedulously as its predecessors had done. The consequence was that, on a test vote in June, the majority of sixty-seven by which it had been placed in office rose to eighty-eight. A dissolution to ascertain whether the new Ministry had the confidence of the country was inevitable; and the result of the elections has been to give Signor DEPRETIS a majority such as few Parliamentary leaders have ever obtained. Of 508 deputies, only 86 are members of the Opposition; and if from the majority are deducted 50 Radicals who are friends so dangerous as to be reckoned among the adversaries of the Ministry, there remains a solid body of 372 constitutional Liberals to follow the guidance of the DEPRETIS Cabinet. A larger proportion of electors voted than on previous occasions; and the chief cities went almost exclusively in favour of the Government. Thus, from whatever point the triumph of the Ministry is regarded, it may be pronounced complete. It is, indeed, in one respect too complete, as many eminent members of the Right, including the well known name of VISCONTI-VENOSTA, have been for the present shut out from Parliament; but the supplementary elections rendered necessary by popular members of the Ministerial party having been returned in two, and even three, places, may give a convenient opportunity of remedying this defect. Probably, too, as occasion may offer, the Cabinet may think it wise to find room for some of the well-known Tuscans who helped it to office, and are now among its declared supporters. As the Left has now proved that, when thrown on its own resources, it is powerful and popular, it may be prudent for it to take advantage of the personal eminence and tried ability of men who have been hitherto too cautious to ally themselves to its fortunes.

The KING opened the new Parliament on Monday, and his speech gave great satisfaction to his hearers. It contained the programme of the Ministry, and this programme, though not empty or colourless, is essentially moderate. There is a curious resemblance in the political situations of Italy and England; and Signor DEPRETIS occupies a position not unlike that of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The Conservative triumph of 1874 in England was as great and unexpected in its extent as the Liberal triumph of 1876 has been in Italy. But both countries wanted a change of men rather than of measures, and the main reason of the fall of the MINGHETTI Cabinet was the same as that of the GLADSTONE Cabinet—that it was too overbearing, and seemed to have been in office too long. The Conservative Government in England established itself in the esteem of the country by showing that its leaders were personally fit for office, and proving that they could manage Parliament and the country better than was expected. Precisely the same thing may be said of the new Liberal Government in Italy. And just as the English Government has succeeded by being really Liberal although it is called Conservative, the Italian Government is succeeding by being really Conservative although it is called Liberal. Progressist and Moderate are in Italy terms temporarily almost as much devoid of meaning as Liberal and Conservative are in England. There are of course men in both English parties who sincerely entertain strong opinions; but the mass of members may be said to rank as Liberals or Conservatives according as to which it is of two rival attorneys in a constituency that they happen to retain. Italy has scarcely attained the serene tranquillity of England; but the party which is now triumphant does not want a change in the methods and aims of government so much as a set of new brooms to go on with the accustomed amount of sweeping. The Italian Liberals are in one way less fortunate than the English Conservatives; for fifty Radicals are sure to give more trouble to their nominal friends than whatever number of old-fashioned Tories there may be in Parliament have ever given to Lord BEACONSFIELD. This is, however, the unvarying fate of Liberal Governments, and the experiences of the PALMERSTON Ministry show that when the Government and the country wish for a reign of moderation, fortified by the existence of a compact majority, Liberals can gain what is wanted without their extreme allies being able to do much to obstruct or alter their even and pleasant course.

Italy is also not wholly unlike England in another respect. It seems to enjoy any sort of gossip, scandal, or suspicion about Royalty; and to enjoy still more the dis-

covery that Royalty is going on happily and properly, and that rumour has been merely playing its usual tricks. The great MONTEGAZZA trial has at length been concluded, and the erring MARQUIS has been condemned to eight years of imprisonment. This audacious forger had begun with counterfeiting the signature of the Director of the tobacco monopoly; and had gone on with a higher and higher flight until he at last counterfeited the signatures of the KING and of the heir to the Crown to bills of exchange which he stated he was authorized to negotiate for their benefit. It was whispered that the sovereign and his son were in the last straits of necessity, and were resorting to secret and discreditable means of raising money; and a more delightful piece of gossip could not be imagined. Further, when the MARQUIS was accused of his crime, he stated that he had been privy to forgeries, but that the real culprit and instigator of the fraud was a mysterious person, so highly placed that nothing could induce him to mention the name which every one was eager to know. The KING behaved with much judgment and firmness. He insisted on a trial as complete, as speedy, and as public as possible. The agents of the Government were instructed to push their inquiries without fear or limit, and the press was invited to record the incidents of the trial day by day, instead of waiting for its conclusion. Indisputable evidence has now shown that the KING and PRINCE had never anything whatever to do with the MARQUIS, and that the mysterious person of whom he spoke was the offspring of his fertile fancy; and the Italians are rejoicing in the conviction that their sovereign and his son are as high-minded and honourable as they could wish. It was a smaller thing, and a matter of gossip less exciting, but still exciting enough to have a pleasure of its own, when report asserted last week that the KING disliked his new Ministry so much that he would have nothing to do with their Parliamentary performances, and intended to send a message, instead of making a speech, at the opening of Parliament. But the day came and the KING came too, and made a speech with which he seemed perfectly contented. It would be difficult to imagine what possible objection he could have to saying what Signor DEPRETIS wished him to say. The whole burden of his address was to the effect that Italy had gone on in the right path for many years, and would go on in exactly the same path for the future. Italy has kept up, and will still keep up, a navy and army by an expenditure which the KING called parsimonious, but which is considerable for a struggling country. New defensive works are to be undertaken, and new railways and roads are to be made; and it is said that one of the first efforts of the Ministry will be to aid in the suppression of Sicilian brigandage by opening new means of communication through the island. Greater independence is to be given to the small municipalities, and officials are to be subjected to the jurisdiction of ordinary tribunals, while there is to be some extension of the franchise, which is now too restricted for the population. These are Liberal measures, but they are measures in which Conservatives may readily co-operate. It is still easier for both parties to agree to alleviate the incidence of taxation, to do away, if possible, with the forced paper currency, and to promote popular education. It was only when referring to the Church that the KING touched on ground where Liberals and Conservatives might find themselves divided. But it may be remembered that, before he left office, Signor MINGHETTI announced his intention of proposing measures which the ecclesiastical world thought specimens of presumptuous interference; and as the KING merely says that provisions are necessary to give efficacy and precision to the reserves and conditions subject to which the freedom of the Church was established, it may be as well to wait until the real nature of the Ministerial proposals is known before any serious alarm is felt lest Italy may be going to provoke a new contest on unsubstantial or untenable grounds.

MR. BRIGHT ON WAR.

MR. BRIGHT has in a certain sense supplied a defect which had more than once attracted notice. During the recent complications in the East the efforts of the English Government to avert war have not received the smallest aid from the professed advocates of universal peace. When, after the first successes of the Turks, the Servian Government was inclined to discontinue a losing

struggle, the members of the Peace Society were too busy in denouncing Bulgarian outrages to remember that they were offering direct encouragement to the war party in Servia and to its Russian auxiliaries. The rejection by the Servian Government of the suspension of arms to which the Porte had assented was ostensibly founded on the supposed change of feeling in England; nor was any attempt made by the Peace agitators to correct an impression which, whether it was well or ill founded, directly tended to the continuance of the war. The severe sufferings and heavy losses which were afterwards incurred by the Servians would have been avoided if the advice of the English Government had been accepted. It may indeed be contended that sacrifices incurred in a patriotic struggle are not wasted; but the uncompromising opponents of war know nothing of patriotism; and they are bound by their principles to insist on an exclusive adherence to peaceful methods. The contest has been suspended for the time on the demand of the Emperor of RUSSIA, who not unnaturally deemed it necessary to save the Servians from further disaster; but, unfortunately, the apprehension of war still weighs upon Europe; and it is with but a faint hope that a peaceful solution by diplomatic means is still regarded as possible. At a moment when every Englishman sincerely desires peace, and when every audible voice in Russia is raised in favour of war, while the details of Russian military preparations occupy English and Continental journals, and when a Prince of the Imperial family has been appointed to the command of an army ready to take the field, Mr. BRIGHT takes occasion to attribute to his countrymen, or rather to the political party which has always been the object of his animosity, a criminal readiness to engage in that which he describes as the sum of all villainies. "If one may ask 'what in the eye of the Supreme Ruler is the greatest crime his creatures commit, I think the answer would be the crime of war'; yet, by implication, the Government which maintains an army of 1,300,000 men, and which has now collected 200,000 or 300,000 men on its frontier for purposes of invasion, is virtually acquitted not only of crime, but of blamable ambition. Mr. BRIGHT has perhaps persuaded himself that the objects of Russian policy are so good as to justify the use of force; but if war becomes laudable or excusable when it is undertaken for beneficent reasons, it is but idle rhetoric to say that war in general is the sum of all villainies, and the greatest crime committed by mankind.

The temper and tone of Mr. BRIGHT's address are illustrated by his incidental denunciation of the criminal law of England, "laws more brutal in this respect [capital punishment] both in times past and at the present time than the laws of any other Christian country." By the law of England capital punishment is practically limited to cases of murder, though it nominally extends to high treason. The codes of every other Christian country include the same provision, though in Italy the punishment is rarely enforced, with the result of rendering assassination common. Except for the purpose of libelling English legislation, it is difficult to understand why Mr. BRIGHT should have introduced into a discussion on peace and war a wanton calumny on his own country. It is not surprising that the same passionate prejudice affects Mr. BRIGHT's judgment on national history. For the hundredth time he denounces the French war of 1793, the later war against NAPOLEON, and above all the Crimean war. He is utterly mistaken in his assumption that in these cases he represents the general opinion. It is doubtful whether the rupture with the French Republic could have been long postponed; but the merits of the quarrel are fairly open to controversy. The struggle with NAPOLEON was the only alternative of the subjection of England and Europe to an unscrupulous military despot. It might have been supposed that even Mr. BRIGHT would approve of the aid which was given to the Spaniards in their resistance to a perfidious usurpation. As to the Crimean war, we stand, according to Mr. BRIGHT, "in this lamentable and terrible position, that we were a country that went rashly and passionately into that war, and have not the slightest thing of value to show for it, while, on the other side, we have lost vast treasure, and have caused the slaughter of a million of human beings." It might be supposed that Mr. BRIGHT had never heard of the Emperor NICHOLAS who invaded Turkish territory on the ridiculous pretext of a squabble between two sets of Christian fanatics for the keys of the holy places at Jerusalem. Some thousands

of Mr. BRIGHT's million were killed before England joined in the war; and it is absurdly unjust to assert that the country which resented an unprovoked disturbance of the general peace was exclusively responsible for the victims of Russian ambition. The PRINCE CONSORT, who had no sympathy with Turkey, and Lord ABERDEEN, who was both friendly to Russia and morbidly anxious for the maintenance of peace, were at last unwillingly convinced that it was necessary to resist the perfidy and violence of Russia. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, whose authority is now constantly quoted by the adversaries of Turkey, was more than any other statesman of the time responsible for the policy of England. It may be added that every Great Power in Europe, without exception, disapproved of the aggression of Russia, and that Prussia alone maintained absolute neutrality throughout the contest. Mr. BRIGHT's political memory is confused by the echo of his own voice. For twenty years he has boasted with constantly increasing confidence of the soundness of his own judgment, until he believes that reiterated calumnies against his country are exempt from contradiction. That enthusiasts for peace should become the apologists of NAPOLEON and NICHOLAS is one of the most whimsical of paradoxes.

Peace Societies and their leaders may perhaps defend their one-sided agitation by the argument that they have no power of influencing foreign potentates, and that it is therefore their duty to address themselves exclusively to their own countrymen. It may be true that their rhetoric would be wasted on the masters of many legions, who have not armed hundreds of thousands of soldiers in the avowed belief that war is the sum of all villainies. Unfortunately the doctrines of philanthropists have a reflex action in encouraging aggression and violence. Although Peace Societies had not been invented at the beginning of this century, NAPOLEON persuaded himself that, if he could land in England, he would be welcomed by a powerful body of partisans. The Emperor NICHOLAS would almost certainly have paused on the verge of his invasion of Turkey if he had not extravagantly overrated the influence of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. At present it is unnecessary or premature to protest against a warlike policy which is only contemplated as a remote and doubtful result of a Russian attack upon Turkey. In the first instance at least, the Turks will be left to themselves, although it is impossible to doubt the result of an unequal contest. The war which the Conference, if it should unexpectedly succeed, may perhaps prevent is that for which Russia, and not England, is ostentatiously preparing. It would have already commenced if Mr. BRIGHT's political allies had succeeded in their avowed object of paralysing the diplomacy of the English Government. It is not necessary to dispute the sincerity of the Emperor ALEXANDER's disavowal of any wish for war. Even a less scrupulous sovereign would be content to obtain his objects by a display of force without actual resort to arms; but the EMPEROR makes no secret of his determination to enforce the acceptance of his demands by the process which Mr. BRIGHT, thinking exclusively of English participation in war, describes as the sum of all villainies. The EMPEROR and his predecessors have again and again employed the same measures, not for the liberation of Bulgaria, but for the extermination of the national language and religion, and for the establishment of an alien and grinding despotism, in Poland. As far as his opinions are reconcilable with sound policy or true morality, Mr. BRIGHT is preaching to the converted, or rather to a community which needs no conversion. Among the national faults of Englishmen in the present generation, an indifference to the evils of war and to the crime of unjust war is not to be reckoned; but an inflexible resolution to maintain peace in all circumstances is an invitation to more turbulent and more pugnacious States to perpetrate wrong at their pleasure. The cause of the undeniable failures which the Government has experienced during recent negotiations is simply that a Power which relies on argument and moral influence is no match in diplomacy for a rival which is simultaneously mobilizing its armies. Mr. BRIGHT might have fairly criticized Lord BEACONSFIELD's imprudent declamation at the Guildhall, if he had not affected to treat an unseasonable boast of national power as an announcement of a warlike policy. Lord BEACONSFIELD, having probably felt the disadvantage which attends peaceable negotiators, injudiciously reminded the Russian Go-

vernment that pacific tendencies were not the result of conscious weakness. His blunder has become more conspicuous since it has appeared that the City speech immediately followed the EMPEROR's conversation with Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS; but the EMPEROR's later answer to the Town Council of Moscow and Prince GORTCHAKOFF's despatch announce an intention of committing "the sum of all villainies," which has never been expressed by Lord BEACONSFIELD.

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITICS IN FRANCE.

SECULAR-MINDED politicians in France must find their occupation nearly gone. It seems impossible to keep the Government or the Opposition or the Chambers off ecclesiastical controversies. Perhaps a nation which is prevented alike by choice and by circumstances from taking a leading part in the discussion of the Eastern question feels that all other political matters are tame in comparison, and that it will do well to interest itself in something into which politics only enter indirectly. If so, it has carried out its purpose with singular thoroughness. With a European war in the air, the debates in the Chamber of Deputies read like the proceedings of a burial board or a parish vestry. The salaries of parish priests and the regulation of military funerals occupy all minds, and even threaten at intervals to produce a Ministerial crisis. The ecclesiastical budget in particular has been discussed with a minuteness with which it has never yet been honoured. At first the Budget Committee would listen to no suggestions save those of a ruthless economy. One item after another was suppressed, until at length it seemed likely that the MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP would be left with next to nothing to administer. On some points the action of the Committee, supported as they have been by the Chamber, savours a little of sharp practice. Army chaplains, for example, are a legal institution in France; and if the Chamber of Deputies wishes to abolish them, the obvious course is to repeal the law under which they exist. Instead of this the Chamber has left the chaplains and only abolished their salaries. The defenders of this half measure say that it is a concession to the Church. They cannot in conscience go on paying military chaplains; but if the military chaplains like to give their services for nothing, they may retain all the privileges of their position with the single omission of the pay. The Archbishop of PARIS, who has specially interested himself in this question, argues with some plausibility that when a Legislature creates an office and fixes the salary of the office-bearers, it pledges itself to pay the salary so long as the office is maintained. If the Chamber of Deputies dislikes paying army chaplains, let it pass a law to abolish them. There is a good practical answer to this reasoning, though it is not one that admits of being produced in public. The Chamber of Deputies would be quite willing to abolish the office; but as the Senate would undoubtedly throw out the Bill, nothing would be gained by introducing it. But, though it takes two Houses to repeal a law, it only takes one to strike out an item from the Estimates. Consequently, the Chamber of Deputies thinks it better to be content with doing the Church what harm it can, and not, by trying to do more, run the risk of inflicting no injury at all. It is not an imposing position for the Chamber to assume; but a good many Frenchmen seem prepared to make themselves slightly ridiculous if they can make the clergy a little poorer.

Another step that the Commission of the Budget has taken is even less dignified, while it is decidedly more imprudent. There are twelve thousand parish priests in France whose salary is only 36*l.* a year. The Government rightly think that, if the State is to pay the clergy at all, it ought to pay them rather more liberally than this; and the MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP asks for a vote of 48,000*l.* to enable him to raise the salaries of these twelve thousand priests from 36*l.* to 40*l.* It is not an extravagant proposal, considering that the great majority of these priests have no private means, and that the liberality of the faithful is apt to take other directions than the uninteresting country clergy. The Committee were unwilling at first to propose any increase at all; but they have in the end consented to propose a grant of 8,000*l.* for the relief of necessitous parish priests. This would only put the MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

in a difficulty. If he distributes this munificent offering among all the twelve thousand, it amounts to about sixteen francs apiece, a sum which it is an insult to offer. Yet he has not the power to distribute it among specially necessitous cases, because the only way in which he could do this with any effect would be to leave the apportionment of it in the hands of the bishops; and the Chamber, in its fear lest the bishops should appropriate the money to some other purpose, has arranged that the bishops shall have nothing to do with the distribution of it. The Republic will certainly not rise in the affections of the class which it is most important for it to conciliate by this specimen of economy in matters ecclesiastical. All, or almost all, these twelve thousand clergy belong to the peasantry, and the vote which denies them the additional 4*l.* a year which the Government was willing to give them will be felt as an injury by all who have sons or brothers in the priesthood. A larger reduction in a larger salary would do nothing like so much in the way of impressing the popular imagination. The poor do not take in what the demands upon a large income are, and consequently it seems nothing that it should be reduced by a quarter or half. But the difference between 36*l.* and 40*l.* is perfectly intelligible to them. It is to a man who is accustomed to live on the smaller sum the difference between poverty and competence, and to make twelve thousand representatives of the peasant class feel that they owe the loss of this increase to the Republican party is not the way to make the peasantry good Republicans. This unwillingness to make so small a concession to the needs of the clergy is a curious instance of petty political passion. There is no principle involved in it, because it is not proposed that the State should cease to pay the clergy, but simply that it should continue to pay them inadequately. If the Committee had the boldness to recommend the discontinuance of all payments whatever to the clergy, it would be a perfectly intelligible course. A consistent secularist dislikes any payment which seems to give State recognition to any form of religion. But there can be no merit in giving a stingy recognition rather than a liberal one. When Sir ROBERT PEEL proposed to increase the Maynooth Grant, the common sense even of Protestant England admitted that, if a grant of some kind was to be paid to a Roman Catholic College, it was well that it should be large enough to enable each student to have a bed to himself. The Budget Committee would certainly have considered this a needless addition to the burdens of the State.

The Government, under the influence perhaps of a natural anxiety to neutralize the effect of these votes, have fallen into an opposite error. They have involved themselves in a burial controversy, and in France no religious dispute seems to excite so much irritation. The particular occasion of the quarrel is the refusal of military honours at the funeral of an Officer of the Legion of Honour which was performed without any religious service. M. FLOQUET asked the MINISTER OF WAR to say whether this had been done by order of the Government, and whether in future Officers of the Legion of Honour who did not wish to conform in death to creeds which they had rejected in life were to be regarded as having forfeited the customary tribute of respect at their graves. The answer was made more significant by its being given by the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, the most Liberal member of the Cabinet, instead of by the MINISTER OF WAR. The gist of the answer was that, as regards military funerals, the custom which withholds military honours in cases where there is no religious ceremony at the grave will be adhered to; but that, as regards funerals of Officers of the Legion of Honour, a compromise will be proposed by which military honours will not in future be given to any one who is not a soldier. The Government are probably of opinion that the case of officers in the army desiring to be buried without a religious service is so unlikely to arise that no harm can come of denying it military honours. The civil members of the Legion of Honour do not possess the same guarantees for their orthodoxy, and for them the knot has somehow to be cut. The decision of the Government will give great offence to the secularist party in the Chamber; and, what is more important to the Government, it will also give offence to many who are not themselves secularists. The rendering of military honours is a testimony to the civil or military worth of the deceased person, and to refuse to render them at graves over which no religious service has been said is to treat civil or military worth as indissolubly associated with particular religious opinions. It is somewhat late in the day for a French

Government to imply that no man can be a good citizen or a good soldier if he is not at the same time a good Christian.

PORTUGAL.

THE Duke of SALDANHA has died in peace, in extreme old age, and in the honourable position of Portuguese Minister in England. But few men have had a more eventful life, run greater risks, given more trouble, or rendered greater services to a country. Revolutions and civil wars in Portugal are necessarily on a comparatively small scale; but they have been many, bitter, and dangerous in the last half-century, and SALDANHA has played a leading part in most of them. It is about fifty years since CANNING sent an English fleet to place Donna MARIA on the throne of her grandfather, and SALDANHA was even then Minister of War. He subsequently offended the Regent, ISABELLA, the QUEEN's aunt, and she dismissed him from office, and he took refuge in London; but she and her niece paid dearly for her imprudence in separating herself from her best and ablest friend; for MIGUEL asserted his claims to the throne, and went so far as to try privately to take his sister ISABELLA's life. In 1829 SALDANHA fitted out an expedition from England to make for Terceira, and aid in upholding the young QUEEN's cause; but he was finally prevented from carrying out his purpose by the WELLINGTON Ministry, and went to France. Political changes in England befriended him and his party, and PALMERSTON replaced ABERDEEN. A new expedition was allowed quietly to sail from Liverpool, and the Quadruple Alliance defeated the last hopes and efforts of MIGUEL. The remainder of SALDANHA's life was spent in alternately favouring, ruling, opposing, and dictating to the QUEEN and her son, the present KING. A Duke, a Marshal, and Prime Minister in 1834, he has since on four occasions been placed at the head of affairs; has spent nine years in exile, eight in seclusion, and six as an Ambassador. His eminence was due to real ability, to his being of what is termed a restless spirit, or, in other words, being always ready to push himself forward, and to a considerable aptitude for the sort of military achievements that are wanted in Portugal. He could hold a town, he could come down sharply on insurgents, he could organize an expedition, and he could stick to a cause. There is no reason to suppose that he ever seriously wavered in his attachment to the QUEEN and her son, or in his preference for some sort of constitutional liberty. He had that turn for pronouncing, and for coupling his own interests with special interpretations of a constitution, which has so long distinguished the generals and the statesmen of the Iberian peninsula. But if his life is taken as a whole, it may be fairly said that, while his faults were for the most part the faults of his generation, he surpassed his contemporaries in the zeal, skill, and courage with which he devoted himself to the independence and liberty of Portugal. It was often doubtful what the limited monarchy of Portugal was to do with him; but it was never doubtful what would have become of the limited monarchy of Portugal in its earlier days if it had been without him.

To Englishmen the most interesting part of his adventurous life is his Terceira expedition. It is interesting because it carries us back in a marked and vivid manner to the times when two totally different views of the proper foreign policy of England were struggling for pre-eminence, and when that view which has finally triumphed was often treated with contempt. CANNING had not only recognized the claims of Don PEDRO and his daughter, and supported them on the ground that their triumph was identical with that of constitutional liberty, but had sent an English force to secure the triumph of the cause he favoured. Spain, as the ally and instrument of the Holy Alliance, supported MIGUEL. CANNING, in order to show that he detested the Holy Alliance, and was prepared where practicable to resist its pretensions, supported the young QUEEN; and, on the ground that England was bound by ancient treaties to maintain the independence of Portugal, sent ships and soldiers to defeat the attempt of Spain to give the law to its feeble neighbour. CANNING died, and when MIGUEL succeeded for a short time in establishing his detestable tyranny, a Tory Government was asked to do again what CANNING had done, and place the QUEEN on the throne. This was refused, and properly refused; for, although Spain was the only Power that had recognized MIGUEL, yet she had not given him any active help, and his triumph

was but the triumph of one Portuguese party over another. But the English Ministry did not stop there. Its views were too akin to those of the Holy Alliance, and it was delighted to mark its dislike and dread of anything CANNING had done. It accordingly went very much out of its way to annoy and thwart the constitutional party in Portugal. SALDANHA fitted out an expedition which sailed from an English port to Terceira, and the English Government gave orders to the captain of an English man-of-war to prevent SALDANHA and his companions from landing in Terceira. This was done, and SALDANHA had to come back to Brest. There was not, according to modern notions of international law, the shadow of an excuse for the conduct of the British Government. Terceira was part of the possessions of the QUEEN. She had been recognized by England as Queen, and Terceira had never been for a moment out of her peaceable possession. It was exactly as if, during the American war, a ship had sailed from England for New York with arms and Americans on board, and an English man-of-war had been sent to hover off New York and chase the ship away. The real justification of its violent interference which the English Ministry supposed itself to possess was that the cause of the QUEEN seemed as bad to the Cabinet as it had seemed good to CANNING. A Ministry that has great objects to effect will occasionally venture on breaches of international law; and Lord PALMERSTON, when his turn came, was not very scrupulous in carrying out what he thought right. From the point of view of the sympathizers with the Holy Alliance, it was natural to think that the violent interference with the Terceira expedition was too good a thing in itself to need much criticism. But at any rate this was the last occasion on which those who held this opinion had the gratification of seeing England act as they wished; and SALDANHA was the last victim of the dying policy of Lord CASTLEREAGH.

The Government which SALDANHA did much to establish and a little too much to shake has, after long trials and many vicissitudes, gained a firm hold in Portugal; and SALDANHA, as a patriot, may have had the pleasure of thinking he had lived long enough to see his country growing every year more peaceful, more respected, and more prosperous. Unhappy Spain sees her little neighbour enjoying the happiness she has so often thrown away. Portugal, to begin with, has been much more fortunate in its Royal family than Spain. It is not vexed with the contemplation of perpetual intermarriages of the BOURBONS. The present KING has come before his subjects as the son of a German Prince and the husband of a daughter of VICTOR EMMANUEL. He has now been for twenty years on the throne, and his reign has been a period of gradually increasing prosperity. The funds, as MACAULAY loved to insist, are the best measure of national wellbeing, and the Three per Cents of Portugal are now at 54, while those of Spain are at 14. But if the King of PORTUGAL and his subjects have convinced Europe that they can now pay their way, it has not been, it must be owned, for want of getting boldly into debt. The large nominal debt of Portugal is almost entirely a creation of the present KING's reign. In round numbers Portugal has an external and internal debt of seventy-five millions of Three per Cent. stock, and of this amount fifty-five millions have been borrowed since the KING ascended the throne. This is a large amount for a little State like Portugal to borrow, but the result has justified the venture. The revenue of Portugal has increased since the KING's accession by a sum more than equal to the whole interest on the debt. A large part of the sum borrowed has been expended on railways and roads, and the country has in recent years so rapidly increased in wealth that, whereas in 1869 Portugal was borrowing in London at the low price of 32½ for the 100l. stock, the loan of 1873 was taken up in Portugal itself, as also have been the recent issues of railway obligations; and during the commercial crisis of this year, which was principally due to bad banking management, the funds were only depressed in a very slight degree. Politically it is the wise policy of Portugal to efface itself as much as it can. Internally the Government is steadily supported. In the elections of 1874 seventy-eight supporters of the Government were returned against fourteen supporters of the Opposition. Externally, Portugal seems to have no object except to keep clear of Spain. The fete of the 1st of December, when the anniversary of the liberation of Portugal from

its old Spanish yoke is celebrated, is the most popular of festivals; and the overtures which certainly PAN, and probably other Spanish statesmen, have made from time to time for the union of the two sections of the Peninsula under a common Government, have been rejected by the Portuguese, if not with contempt, yet with unwavering firmness. Portugal, in short, has a Royal family with which it is satisfied, a Constitution which contents it, it can pay its way, can find money for its own wants, and is scarcely ever heard of. If a little country is to be happy, this is the happiness it is fitted to enjoy.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE continued uncertainty as to the result of the Presidential election must be very inconvenient; but the dangers or difficulties which it may be supposed to involve ought not to be exaggerated. Some English writers profess to apprehend a revolution or civil war, for which there is no adequate cause. American politicians seem to be rather annoyed than alarmed by a vexatious doubt and delay which will leave much irritation behind it. Any one of three Southern States may have determined the contest in favour of Mr. TILDEN; while all three must have combined to ensure the election of Mr. HAYES. Neither event would in itself justify serious regret, for both candidates possess character and ability, and it is already ascertained that the strength of the contending parties is nearly equal. When Indiana is opposed to Ohio, and New York to Pennsylvania, it is absurd to say that the success either of the Democrats or the Republicans would offend public opinion. The most serious consequence of the present crisis will be a lasting suspicion that the defeated party has been unfairly treated. The official persons who are employed to count the votes in the doubtful States are avowed partisans; and the local factions to which they belong have sometimes shown themselves unscrupulous. It will perhaps not be a permanent advantage to the Republicans that they at present control the administration of South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida. It is possible that their returning officers may be honest; but, if they decide the election in favour of their friends, the Democrats throughout the Union will believe that they have been defrauded. It is believed that in South Carolina, of which the Republicans had considered themselves certain, the State officers had been elected by the Democrats. According to the latest reports, the Republicans had returned the Presidential electors by a small majority; and the official calculation might perhaps have been accepted as conclusive if the Returning Board had not, in defiance of a mandamus from the Supreme Court of the State, rejected the votes of certain Democratic counties both for State officers and for Presidential electors. There seems to be no doubt that the return is vitiated by wilful disregard of law; but it is supposed that it will be adopted by the President of the Senate. The Democrats have obtained a considerable majority in Louisiana; but the Republicans allege that the returns from certain districts are vitiated by violence and fraud; and the dispute is referred in the first instance to a Board of Republican partisans who will not be more scrupulous than the corresponding body in South Carolina.

To foreigners it seems strange that all parties should not be represented in a tribunal which seems to exercise the functions of an Election Committee. Only two years have passed since a sham Legislature was elected in Louisiana by a minority; and the manipulation of votes to suit the interests of the party would seem to be an easier undertaking. It is quite certain that a decision in favour of the Republican candidates will be regarded by enemies, and perhaps by friends, as a party manœuvre. It is of course possible that the irregularities attributed to the Democrats may have been really committed; but the assertion of their guilt by their political adversaries will command no belief in the State or in the Union. According to a strange rumour, the Republican Board which is charged with the duty of counting the votes in Florida has determined to postpone the discharge of its functions beyond the latest day allowed by the Constitution, with the avowed object of allowing the Republican Governor, under a State law, to choose the Presidential electors. It is difficult to believe that a gross and ostentatious violation of duty committed for the purpose of effecting a fraudulent election can be possible even in a remote and backward State. There seems to be a doubt whether any constitutional check is

imposed on the caprice or dishonesty of local partisans. The votes are counted by the PRESIDENT of the Senate in the presence of both Houses of Congress, and it was formerly held that neither the Senate nor the House had power to interfere. Recent precedents point rather to a co-ordinate power of both Houses to reject doubtful votes. If the Republican candidate is returned, the House of Representatives will probably reject the votes of Florida and Louisiana, if not of South Carolina; but it is understood that the Senate will dispute the competency of the House to meddle with the returns; and it is difficult to foresee the result of such a collision between the two branches of the Legislature. A claimant of the Presidency to whom either the Senate or the House refused recognition could hardly assume the powers of the office.

To distant observers it seems desirable that Mr. TILDEN should be elected, because no plausible objection could be raised to the validity of his title. It is a secondary consideration that he is known to have obtained a popular majority of a quarter of a million or three hundred thousand votes. In America, as in England, legal results are considered more important than casual illustrations of popular feeling and opinion. It may well happen that a majority of the House of Commons is returned by a minority of electors, nor is it always certain that the constituencies concur in opinion with the mass of the population. For the present purpose it is sufficient to know that the Democrats constitute at least one half of the community; and that therefore, if they succeed, the defeated party will have no legitimate ground of complaint. The consequences which Republican orators during the contest professed to apprehend from the election of Mr. TILDEN are almost wholly chimerical. The Democratic PRESIDENT would certainly not recommend the assumption of the Confederate Debt, because, among other cogent reasons, such a measure is prohibited by the Constitution. Unjust sectional claims preferred by Mr. TILDEN's Southern supporters would be rejected by the Senate, while they would tend to alienate the North from the Democratic party. A Democratic President who should connive at the oppression of the negroes would rapidly bring his party into disrepute. Mr. HAYES, if he is elected, will undoubtedly enter on his office with an honest desire to discharge his duties; but he will be confronted at the outset by the league of corrupt or suspected politicians which has taken a conspicuous part in the recent canvass. The partial reaction in favour of the Democrats has been principally caused by the general distaste for the CHANDLERS and MOERTONS, the CONKLINGS and BOUTWELLS, by whom the actual PRESIDENT has allowed himself to be surrounded. Mr. HAYES would perhaps gladly extricate himself from a damaging connexion; but, especially in the face of a hostile House of Representatives, he must conciliate and employ the Republican leaders of the Senate. It is not even certain that he could safely reject the support and friendship of General BUTLER.

An arrangement which has sometimes been considered a defect in the Constitution happens during the present uncertainty to be highly conducive to public convenience. The term of the outgoing PRESIDENT overlaps by three or four months the period which follows the appointment of his successor; and consequently there can be no interregnum, if only the new President is definitively chosen before the 4th of March. Until that time General GRANT will be charged with the administration of the laws, and with the maintenance of order. The supposed risk of his prolonging his authority by an illegal usurpation, on the pretext of the uncertainty of the election, is a mere absurdity. His more unscrupulous opponents never produced a serious impression by their affected apprehension of military despotism. Certain movements of troops in the neighbourhood of Washington, though they have furnished material for newspaper criticism, have certainly not disturbed the tranquillity of the most timid Democrat. Until March public affairs will be conducted as they have been conducted for eight years; and after that date the Republic will not be in danger, even if either branch of Congress should think fit to dispute the title of the President. One of the chief political elements of American felicity is general independence of the action of Government. When the PRESIDENT was a few years ago subjected to impeachment the administration was not interrupted, nor was public order or security disturbed. A President claiming office under a disputed election would probably be found not less innocuous. If the Republicans succeed by the aid of real or

supposed frauds, they will lose more than they will gain. Popular indignation will have time to express itself, long before the end of the Presidential term, in elections to Congress and even to the Senate. The alleged intention of the Florida Republicans to falsify or neutralize the returns would, if it took effect, transfer many Northern votes to the adverse party. In other respects, neither Mr. TILDEN nor Mr. HAYES will be an irresponsible despot. The Senate can at its pleasure defeat any Democratic measure, and the House of Representatives may refuse to concur in the obnoxious projects of the Republicans. No suggestion has yet been made for precautions against the recurrence of the present embarrassment. It is not improbable that for some years to come parties may be equally balanced, and that attempts may consequently be made to vitiate elections on pretence of irregularity. It might be worth while to consider the expediency of transferring jurisdiction over disputed elections to the Supreme Court of the United States.

MR. CROSS AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is a striking, and in many respects a well-deserved, tribute to Mr. Cross's merits that the most Radical Corporation in the kingdom should have given him a dinner, and that his health should have been proposed at that dinner by the most extreme Radical in the Corporation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN praised the HOME SECRETARY for having shown confidence in existing local governing bodies, and for having recognized that, in relation to the national welfare, there are higher rights to be considered than the vested rights of property as they have sometimes been understood. Mr. CROSS has fairly earned both commendations. There have been instances in which social reformers have been too much disposed to multiply machinery. When there is a new function to be created, they look at the existing and visible authorities, and they find that, because they are existing and visible, they have existing and visible faults. Thereupon they conclude at once that they are not fit to be trusted with anything so important as the function which is about to be created by Act of Parliament. New duties, it is fancied, require new bodies to perform them. Accordingly another local authority is added to the local authorities already in being, with the inevitable result that both are made less fit to do the work assigned to them. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the dignity of the Legislature that gives dignity to legislation; on the contrary, the character of a Legislature will usually tend to improve in proportion as the character of the legislation with which it has to concern itself improves. The reason is that the more interesting the work of any Legislature becomes, the easier it will be to find good men willing to become members of it. But as the supply of good men is not unlimited, it is throwing away a chance to multiply these bodies unnecessarily. If all the business of a town has to be done by a single body, there is more chance that the business will be well done than there is that it will be well done by two or three separate bodies. It is true that the knowledge which is a qualification for membership of one body may not in itself be any qualification for membership of another. A man may be a very useful member of a School Board, and yet be very ignorant about the price of gas or the quality of water. But it is not likely that if, from his interest in educational matters, he becomes a candidate for, and is elected into, a body which has the control of gas and water supply as well as of education, he will long remain ignorant of these matters. The knowledge that he brings to his work is, after all, less important than the capacity he brings to it. It would be better to have all three departments of municipal business managed by one man who has capacity without knowledge, than to have each separately managed by men who have knowledge without capacity. It is doubtful whether the Education Act of 1870 would not have worked better if, instead of creating School Boards, it had placed the provision of schools in the hands of the existing local authorities. Many men who had taken no interest in local affairs down to that time would then have presented themselves as candidates, and the existing local authorities would have become more efficient for other purposes in the process of being made efficient for educational purposes. In declining to create new Commissioners for the purpose of putting the Artisans' Dwellings Act into execution, Mr. Cross

exercised a wise discretion. If the work is to be done at all, it can be done better by the existing corporations than by any new body.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did Mr. CROSS no more than justice when he described him as rising above a false and narrow interpretation of vested interests in property. The expropriation clauses of the Artisans' Dwellings Act are not at all too sweeping for their object; but they are based on a definite assumption that where public necessities conflict with private rights, private rights must submit to reasonable modifications. Of course this was not a new principle, for the compulsory purchase of lands under private Acts of Parliament is a familiar idea to modern Englishmen. The novelty consisted in the recognition of the fact that, under certain circumstances, the interest of the lowest class might be the interest of the whole community. Railways appeal to every one. If Parliament had refused to make their construction possible, the whole population, from the QUEEN to the pauper going home to his parish, would have been sufferers. The evil attacked by the Artisans' Dwellings Act was not thus universally distributed. Its cure proceeded strictly on the apostolic maxim that, if one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it. The inhabitants of Belgravia or Mayfair have no personal interest in the housing of the inhabitants of Whitechapel or St. Giles's, and when they are called upon to bear their share of the cost of improving it, it can only be on the principle that the remediable grievance of one section of the community is the grievance of all the rest.

There is another feature in Mr. CROSS's legislation with which he himself seems equally content, but which as a matter of fact is very much more open to criticism. "I 'rejected,'" he told the Corporation of Birmingham, "as 'steadily as I could, any legislation which would have 'made it compulsory upon you to do that which I was 'quite sure the moment you had the opportunity of doing 'you would be sure to do for yourself. I have trusted 'the municipalities of England, and Birmingham, at 'the head, has not disappointed me." It would have been hard indeed if Birmingham had disappointed Mr. CROSS, because of all English towns it was the one in which it was supposed that the Act would be most effectively carried out. But legislation is not designed for these exceptional cases. A municipality genuinely anxious to carry out a permissive Act would probably by hook or by crook have found means to reach the same end without a general Act of Parliament. They would have applied for a private Act, and would thus have gained the opportunity which Mr. CROSS felt so convinced they would use as soon as they got it. The point for Mr. CROSS to consider is how he will ultimately deal with a municipality which, having got the opportunity, persistently refuses to use it. Birmingham has not disappointed Mr. CROSS; therefore, as regards Birmingham, the Artisans' Dwellings Act is all that is required. But, at some time or other, a municipality will no doubt disappoint Mr. CROSS. When the Act is no longer limited to large towns—and, in another speech at Birmingham, Mr. CROSS said very plainly that the turn of small towns must come by and by—some of the municipalities may show their ingratitude for their newly conferred power by an obstructive policy; and what will then become of the purely permissive character of the Act? It would not have been necessary to make it compulsory in any offensive or irritating sense. Ample time might have been given to a municipality to act on its own motion, and wider liberty might have been conferred on it when so acting. But to decline to face the fact that municipalities may be found who are not willing to avail themselves of the powers with which the Act invests them is only putting off legislation which must in the end be resorted to, and which might as well have been got through when the whole subject was under discussion. Sooner or later the Artisans' Dwellings Act will undoubtedly need strengthening; but it is not so certain that, when that time comes, an opportunity of strengthening it will at once present itself.

Mr. CROSS's exposition of the principle which underlies the Commons Inclosure Act did not go quite as far as it might have done. Parliament, Mr. CROSS maintains, has a perfect right to say to a landowner, "We are not going to give 'you the opportunity of turning what is worth £1. to you at 'the present moment into £1. or £1. without putting 'certain conditions on it for the benefit of the public." If this is all that Parliament is prepared to say, the predictions of Mr. FAWCETT and other opponents of the Bill

may not be so completely falsified as we could wish to see them. The right of Parliament to impose conditions when it gives its aid to a landowner to do something which, without that aid, he could not do, may be taken as excluding the right of Parliament to refuse its aid either with or without conditions. So far as the public are concerned, they are, in this instance, much more likely to be benefited by the entire refusal of such aid than by the most skilfully devised array of conditions. The latter may be highly useful to the actual possessor of rights of common; but to the public, whose enjoyment relates to the common itself, and not to any of the rights attaching to it, they can be a matter of very little concern.

TEMPERANCE.

WE are glad to see some signs of sober reason and common sense being at last brought to bear on the sad problem of the drunkenness which degrades and ruins so large a body of the population of this country. As to the existence of the evil there can be no doubt whatever. It is patent, and all-pervading; and everybody can see it. It is demonstrated in the clearest manner by the daily evidence of the criminal courts; and the judges and clergy are continually bewailing it. There is no element of domestic life to which it is so important, and even vital, that attention should be given; and it is obvious that it would be an immense national benefit if any rational and practical method of dealing with it could be devised. It may be assumed that this is the mood in which the majority of the public approach the question, and it is natural that it should be so, for the scandal is a shameful one, and is brought home, more or less, to the experience of every one. The difficulty of the question is what to do; and hitherto those who have chiefly taken an interest in the matter have been, as a rule, in favour of repressive severity as regards drunkards, and, as far as possible, the absolute suppression of the trade in drink. The invasion of private liberty which would be involved in such a system would be a heavy price to pay, even for increased sobriety; but the decisive argument against it is that it is impracticable. Indeed there is reason to believe that the mere prospect of an attempt being made to give effect to this principle has already done a great deal of mischief. We do not mean to dispute the assertion that the number of abstainers is steadily increasing, or that this is, in itself, a good thing. It is not the practice of the teetotalers, which they are perfectly free to adopt, that is injurious, but the spirit of self-righteous and aggressive intolerance which they are apt to assume. Teetotalism is essentially, of course, a confession of personal weakness; yet there is no class which is so intensely conceited as to its moral superiority over the rest of the community. There can be no doubt that what gives an impulse to this movement is in a large degree the gratification which the members derive from the conviction that they are entitled to set themselves up as an example to the world, and to enforce on others compliance with their rules. It is impossible to read the speeches and articles in favour of this view without being struck by the tone of bitter and arrogant dogmatism which invariably pervades them. And it is this which does so much harm, because it rouses a natural instinct of resentment and defiance, and rallies all those who, without any sympathy with drunkenness, are not disposed to submit to a system of administrative despotism, in opposition to the teetotal cause. Experience has shown that in such a case it is impossible to enforce a sweeping change by coercive measures which are contrary to the general temperament and habits of the population, and that some gentler and more conciliatory method must be tried.

The effect of this growth of opinion on the subject may be traced in some of the meetings which have lately been held, and in the advocacy of temperance which seems to be taking the place of wild proposals of repression. The Bishop of MANCHESTER, who, if sometimes too volatile and fond of talking, has at least manly and wholesome instincts, has expressed his desire to see a temperance organization in every parish founded upon the wide meaning in which the Apostle PAUL speaks of temperance—that is, "in all things"; and he also courageously acknowledged that he has sometimes felt that he would not know what to do with himself on a Sunday if between the intervals of service he could not go to his club and take advantage of its quiet

rooms. As to the latter point, it must be admitted that much depends upon the sort of use which is made of a club; but there can be no question that the establishment, as a substitute for public-houses, of comfortable clubs for working-men, where they could have cheerful accommodation without being obliged to drink beer or spirits, could hardly fail to lead to a great improvement in temperance and sobriety. It is clear that, as the BISHOP said, it is necessary in such a case to humour human nature, and lead it along gently. What is wanted is not the mere compulsory observance of a law, but a genuine reformation in moral feeling and manners. The Archbishop of YORK at the same meeting also supported the argumentative and persuasive course. At the root of the matter, he said, was the question whether the drinking of spirituous liquors was a good thing; and the fact which he mentioned, that a friend of his had made a collection of liquors from public-houses enough to poison a regiment of soldiers supplies a conclusive answer on one side of the question. It is certainly desirable that a more searching supervision should be exercised over the articles sold by publicans; but the great objection to the manner in which the trade is at present conducted is that it distinctly tends to promote drunkenness, inasmuch as public-houses are almost the only available resort of working-men during the hours when they want a little social recreation. The public-house is the working-man's club, and he has as much need of a club as anybody else, and perhaps more. But, as things are arranged, he must drink and keep on drinking in order to obtain this accommodation, and, moreover, he can get nothing but drink. Formerly publicans supplied food as well as liquor, and there is an old rule that they are bound to cook a chop or steak, and give the use of a table with salt and pepper for a penny to any one who requires it. This rule is still, we believe, nominally part of the law, but in practice it is obsolete. As a matter of fact, it is scarcely possible to get any kind of refreshment, beyond a biscuit or a crust, in a public-house, especially in such as are frequented by working-men; and the consequence is that those who go to such places have no resource but to drink, and everybody knows the effect of mere drinking for drinking's sake, and not as an accompaniment to food. It is notorious that an immense amount of mischief is done in this way which would be prevented if facilities were afforded to the poorer classes for procuring wholesome refreshment, with the choice of tea or coffee as well as liquors. As long as public-houses are only drinking-bars, they must have the effect of promoting drunkenness; and on this ground it is important that, by some means or other, the class most concerned in the matter should be enabled to obtain opportunities of social union and relaxation without being doomed to ruin their constitutions in the process. It might be difficult, perhaps, to enforce the providing of food in every case; but it might be encouraged, if in the granting of licences this service was regarded with favour. In any case, it is obvious that the remedy for drunkenness lies in the direction of providing facilities for other kinds of recreation than merely boozing and soaking at a bar or in a taproom; and it is surprising that in a country where benevolent enterprise is so largely developed, more earnest efforts have not been made to supply this deficiency. It is absurd to blame the working-man for going to the public-house, because some place of that kind is a necessity to him, and he has at present nowhere else to go to.

There has lately been a great deal of talk about the Gothenburg system of regulating the liquor trade; and it has now been taken up by a section of the Liberal party at Birmingham, headed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The principle of the plan is that the way to check drinking is not to allow the proprietor or manager of a public-house to derive any personal gain from the sale of spirits; and accordingly licences are granted only to companies or corporations which bind themselves to make their establishments victualling houses, and to supply hot meats at reasonable rates to all comers; to receive all liquors from an appointed dépôt, and to account for the sales, of which the profits are to be applied to public purposes. It is said that the result of this system has been that the number of public-houses in Gothenburg has been reduced by one-half, the convictions for drunkenness and crime brought down to a similar extent, and a sum equal to the poor-rate obtained for the use of the town. How far this is true it is difficult to say; but in any case it must be remembered that the system is only

an experiment, and may after a time break down. It would not be easy to get people to manage this kind of administration on behalf of the public; and the stock of liquor, and the services of those who have to dispense it, must somehow be paid for. Moreover, a system of this kind could not be put in operation without a large investment in compensation for the businesses taken up, and it does not clearly appear how this has been managed in the Gothenburg case. In England it may be assumed that, even if such a scheme had any chance of being tried, confiscation would not be a feature of it; and the expense would therefore be enormous, while the security for better management would be very small. It must be remembered that merely reducing the number of public-houses does not necessarily imply an equal reduction in drunkenness; because the effect of interposing difficulties and restrictions in the way of getting anything is often to make the appetite for it keener and more imperious. After all, the great thing is to cultivate temperance as a social habit; and the most reasonable and practical method of doing this is to wean the working classes from the haunts where they can do nothing but drink, by opening up other places where moderate indulgence may be combined with innocent relaxation.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

A CURIOUS discussion, which is interesting in more ways than one, has arisen between Mr. Mivart, the author of a book on *Contemporary Evolution*, and the *Dublin Review*, on Liberty of Conscience. Both the author and his critic belong in the main to the Ultramontane school—at least, so we should judge from the book—and both profess their belief in Papal infallibility. But on one fundamental tenet of Ultramontanism their views are not only different but diametrically opposite. Mr. Mivart maintains in the fullest sense the principle of what is generally called "liberty of conscience," while his reviewer no less emphatically denies and denounces it. We need hardly say that our sympathies are with Mr. Mivart, and not with his critic, as to the point at issue; but there is a further question involved to which it will be worth while to call attention presently. A brief reply by Mr. Mivart to the strictures passed upon him is inserted in the current number of the *Dublin Review*, which sums up clearly and forcibly the points of the controversy. To most readers, indeed, or at least to most Englishmen, the principle from which he starts, that no citizen has a right to deny to others the liberty which he claims for himself, will appear so obvious a truism as hardly to require being stated. It is therefore the more instructive to observe that it is completely traversed by the leading organ of English Ultramontanism, and, we are bound to add, from its own point of view, with perfect justice and consistency. It is, indeed, highly characteristic of the *Dublin Reviewer's* peculiar way of looking at things that he declines even to understand the term "freedom of conscience" in its ordinary acceptation, and explains it to mean freedom from temptations against conscience. And in accordance with this "highly paralogistic" explanation, as Mr. Mivart naturally enough calls it, he declares that "a Catholic's freedom of conscience is grievously impaired by the civil tolerance of other religions," and that Protestants enjoy less liberty of conscience at Rome under Victor Emmanuel than formerly under the Pope, because the police securities for morality are relaxed. It may be well to bear in mind, when Ultramontanes claim or defend the rights of conscience, this very remarkable interpretation of the phrase. It follows, of course, as Mr. Mivart points out, that the Spanish Inquisitors who burnt heretics "without effusion of blood"—for *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine* is a principle of Papal canon law—were thereby vigorously promoting liberty of conscience, of which every *auto-da-fé* was a conspicuous manifestation. Nor would the *Dublin Reviewer* repudiate this inference from his words, for he insists that the legislative suppression of error is essential to the wellbeing of a State, and that the more effectively and completely it can be carried out the better. "There is hardly any duty of the civil ruler more august and sacred than the preserving to them [the people] as far as possible their liberty of conscience [in the sense just explained] and protecting them from intellectual temptation. This great duty is (putting aside such a country as Spain) performed with deplorable inefficiency in modern Europe." After a good deal more to the same effect, he adds that "it is the proper course of the Catholic Englishman to stimulate and inflame the existent national hatred of Atheism; to foster purposely in his countrymen those views and principles which would lead them—in the event of such a sect making vigorous aggression—to clamour loudly for its forcible repression, and to sympathize intensely with what penal laws might be enacted for its chastisement." The same principle would of course apply, as Mr. Mivart observes, in a Catholic country, to the "proper course" of dealing with Protestantism.

It is a small thing to say that the logical carrying out of this teaching would undo "all for which Catholics in England have been so long contending"; it would, in fact, produce "a recipro-

cal and universal persecution all round." And Mr. Mivart, who assures us that he unreservedly execrates "Marian persecutions, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and all similar acts," will have nothing to do with the promotion of "so monstrous an iniquity." His opponent's ideal of communities more and more inflaming their passions of anger and hatred, so as to bring about the more thorough and consistent repression of every form of intellectual error—"uniting, out of fear of a hell in another world, to make a sort of temporal hell of this"—does indeed, as he complains, only serve to "render a tolerant humanitarian Atheism relatively attractive." We have seen that the Reviewer "keenly sympathizes" with the effort to suppress all non-Catholic worship in Spain, though we hope and believe he is mistaken in thinking that the great body of English Catholics agree with him here. But even he has not quite attained to the courage of his convictions. He disclaims, sincerely no doubt, but very illogically, any desire to persecute Protestants in England, not merely on the practical ground that such a notion, under existing circumstances, would be absurd, but because in a country where a body of hereditary Protestants are found no Catholic desires to molest them. But why not? He expressly repudiates Mr. Mivart's principle—which is implied in the very idea of toleration—that all the citizens of a State but one are morally culpable if they try to force that one to violate his conscience, say by cursing the Koran, or saluting the Host. Clearly, therefore, the governing body, when they are strong enough, are bound to enforce their own orthodoxy on the recalcitrant minority—whether it consist of one or more cannot affect the principle—by "precisely that amount of severity which may be found most successful in crushing" their unbelief. It will be difficult certainly to persuade English Protestants that their liberty of conscience—except in the Reviewer's sense of the term—would be safe in the hands of those who hold such principles. It is not wonderful, indeed, that Mr. Mivart should consider the publication of the Reviewer's thesis the severest satire upon its advocates. For such open advocacy is far more damaging to their own cause than the persecution which would have repressed it. It is not, however, only or chiefly as a matter of policy, but of principle, that he maintains against his Ultramontane critic the rights and liberty of conscience.

On the abstract question, which has often been discussed in our columns, we do not propose to enter here. Suffice it to say that Mr. Mivart has stated with force and conciseness the arguments which to most of our readers will appear conclusive in favour of toleration, and has at the same time very happily exposed the vulgar fallacy of assuming that a frank and unreserved acceptance of the principle is in any way inconsistent with the strictest orthodoxy of religious belief. But there is another point on which he has been challenged by his critic, where he does not appear to be equally successful in meeting the challenge, or, to speak plainly, where he evades rather than meets it. The *Dublin Reviewer* had appealed to certain Papal pronouncements of recent days, and might have cited plenty more, as well mediæval as modern, which unmistakably condemn the principle of toleration in every shape; and, whatever latitude of interpretation may be applied to the magical phrase *ex cathedrâ*, several at least of these documents must be held to fall under the Vatican definition of infallibility which Mr. Mivart, equally with his reviewer, professes to accept. Nor can it be replied that he does not contest the theory of persecution in the abstract, but merely questions its applicability to the existing state of society. No doubt, as he says, his argument deals with the due relations of Church and State "under the circumstances of modern times." But he only means that he is not engaged in "depicting an Utopia," and he insists that "principles relating to practical matters which cannot be applied to practice are necessarily false." He does in fact apply his principle to all states of society of which the world has any experience. He expressly points out that under the mediæval system religious persecution produced no really good effect, while the rights of conscience were "cruelly ignored." He "execrates without reserve" the Marian burnings, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and all similar acts. He condemns as intrinsically unjust the present attempt to maintain "Catholic unity" in Spain by force, and considers its practical results to be disastrous from a religious point of view. Now it is precisely in reference to Spain that the *Syllabus*, on the most "minimizing" view of its contents, condemns the permission of non-Catholic worship. It may be argued that the Marian burnings had quite as much to do with politics as with religion, and that Rome was not directly responsible for them; but for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew Rome was directly responsible, if not beforehand—which is a disputed point—certainly as an accomplice after the fact, when solemn thanksgivings were ordered and medals struck in honour of it, not without a full knowledge of all the circumstances derived from the Nuncio at Paris; and it may still be seen painted on the walls of the Sistine Chapel. And as to mediæval persecution, not to dwell on other illustrations, Mr. Mivart can hardly be unaware that the whole code of the Inquisition, in principle and in detail, rests on the solemn and reiterated sanctions of a long line of Popes extending through several centuries. It is important to remember this, because there is, or was, a doctrine of Papal infallibility in vogue among the more moderate Ultramontanes—it has been superseded, we suppose, by the Vatican decree—to the effect that the Holy See is infallible, though individual Popes are not; or, in other words, that while particular Popes, like Liberius or Honarius, might lapse into heresy, the error would be

promptly corrected by their successors, and thus in the long run the Roman See would always be on the side of truth. But this modified doctrine will not help us here. The Holy See is committed by the unbroken tradition of centuries to the principle and practice of persecution in its extremest form; and Leo X. summed up that tradition with only too fatal a fidelity when he formally defined against Luther the rightfulness of burning heretics. St. Pius V., the last canonized Pope, who was a merciless inquisitor, is stated in the Breviary to have been specially raised up by Divine Providence for the purpose of crushing them. Nor are we aware of any counter-statement emanating from Papal lips, except perhaps from the discredited voice of Gangarelli. Mr. Mivart faintly suggests that all theologians are not quite agreed in their interpretation of these documents, which is very little to the purpose, inasmuch as they speak too plainly on the main point to need any interpreter. But his real reply is that "reason is compelled to follow evidence," and no authority can be accepted which opposes reason; from which he apparently wishes us to infer that the Popes cannot really have meant what they said. A simpler and more legitimate inference would be that what they said was wrong. There can be no shadow of doubt that the *Dublin Reviewer* is upholding the authoritative Papal teaching on liberty of conscience, except indeed that even he, as we have seen, does not venture to go quite far enough to be thoroughly consistent. There can be as little doubt that Mr. Mivart's theory is in flagrant contradiction with that teaching. We do not for a moment question his sincerity, but it is strange that he should imagine his views can be reconciled with any intelligible view of Papal infallibility. One admission we will gladly make in conclusion, to preclude any misapprehension on the subject. Mr. Mivart is probably quite right in believing that the great majority of English Roman Catholics agree substantially in this respect with him and not with his critic; they sincerely abhor persecution, whether inflicted on one side or the other. But that only shows how inadequately they have grasped the scope and bearings of the infallibilist dogma in which they profess their acquiescence.

ART AT HOME.

WHEREWITHAL shall we learn to be aesthetic? is a question which many worthy people are obliged to ask themselves, without getting any definite answer. The Rector of Lincoln, in a recent speech at Oxford, has only shown them the difficulty, the hardness, the narrowness of the way. The Rector knows the toils of a reformer's career, but he does not spare his energies. Idle fellows and the "brutalized athlete of the arena" do not rouse his just anger more than the nefarious coal-scuttles and magenta rugs which desecrate the English household. The reformers of household art have never yet successfully tackled the coal-box. Mr. Pattison spoke regretfully of the honest copper articles of a past generation, and denounced the lacquered iron utensils which are generally adorned with a portrait of a young lady in a pink bonnet, or a coloured reproduction of one of Landseer's pictures of big dogs. These designs are nearly as pretty as tinted photographs; but perhaps a mind keenly alive to the fitness of things would deny them a place on a coal-box. After all, boxes of that sort are at least as convenient in use as the deep and delicate vase in *répoussé* work which serves their purpose in the frontispiece of a little manual of House Decoration by the Misses Garrett. How the coals are to be coaxed out of that vase we fail to understand, but it seems that either a weapon like a rather large pair of sugar-tongs must be handled with loving care, or else the vase must be turned upside down, and the contents shot forth in an ugly rush.

The difficulties of the awakened and inquiring spirit are far from beginning or ending with coal-boxes. For example, there are Oriental rugs, which once were supposed to cover a multitude of sins. The Rector of Lincoln has found out that the base mechanic art of Europe has reached the dusky Orient, and the devout Persian—and the prayerful Khond, for what we know—now kneel on carpets tinged with magenta, and designed in the monotonous patterns of the British loom. Venice glass, too, is no longer the strong tower that it once was. The time has been when there was a promise of safety and assurance of peace in the purchase of Murano ware. A few finger-glasses and opalescent jars made a reputation for orthodoxy, and a little money judiciously laid out in Japanese fans silenced the cavils of the severest critic. Now it seems that even Venice glass has somehow been affected with Philistinism, and only the most recent converts to art can persuade themselves that they like it. Ruby-coloured and sapphire claret-jugs are a mere stage in a spiritual evolution, no longer the crowning glory and fine flower of taste.

Venice glass and Oriental rugs are not the only things that have ceased to be visible signs of a cultivated mind. Even the youngest amongst us can remember the time when Mr. Pugin's "perpendicular" furniture was thought eminently correct. The name of "perpendicular" used to be given to the evening parties of a great academical dignitary, who did not expect undergraduates to sit down in his presence. The Gothic chairs were almost as likely to enforce an erect attitude as the expressed desire of the mightiest of doms, and they may have acquired their title from that fact. At all events they were the correct thing, and may still be seen in some old-fashioned London houses, as well as in the committee-rooms of our ancient Houses of Parlia-

ment. But the tide of taste has left them stranded, and, as we learn both from Miss Garrett's manual and from Mr. Loftie's interesting *Plea for Art in the House* (Macmillan & Co.), the modern upholsterer has profaned the perpendicular with his wicked machinery. In Mr. Loftie's painful sketch of the house of the benighted "Browns," it is said that "the furniture is of the last new pattern, designed in the Gothic style." Miss Garrett, too, has a severe word against the "Gothic furniture, with its gables and chamferings, and gashes here and there," which is, "for the most part, a gross libel on Mr. Eastlake's Sketches." The young couple just setting up house may well ask what they are to do to earn a permanent right to the name of being aesthetic? Mr. Eastlake's book they have studied perseveringly, and they have bought the most perpendicular furniture that they could afford. And now, it seems, they ought to have gone in for the Queen Anne style, which "sympathizes more with Wren than with Wolsey; and with Inigo Jones than with John of Padua." The young couple sympathize with John of Padua just as much as they do with Thaddeus of Warsaw, or with Diogenes of Halicarnassus; but their money is gone, and with it their hopes of being correct. Again, if there was one thing they were quite sure of, it was that plates should be hung on the walls with wire, or with pieces of string. Mr. Loftie does not hold that this is right, and we are happy to agree with him; but the young couple will look very ruefully at their Persian plates, and will think twice before investing in "shelves or a kind of dresser." Mr. Loftie concedes to human weakness "plenty of low arm-chairs on good, easy-running castors"; but the Misses Garrett say that hints may be obtained from models in old country houses, and in their view of a drawing-room we do not see one low arm-chair on good easy-running castors. Besides, old country houses are generally full of modern upholstery. Mr. Loftie likes an easy chair to have deep springs; his earnest colleagues think horse-hair and feathers good enough. Mr. Loftie has a leaning towards drawing-room papers with no patterns, and towards painted or panelled dining-rooms. But if one turns from his manual to Miss Garrett's—and it is to be remarked that these works belong to the same series, and are bound in cloth of the same tint, "the bluest of things grey, the greyest of things blue"—there is a fresh perplexity. The dining-room paper in Miss Garrett's design is not plain, but laid out in large squares, interlaced with the leaves and flowers of some unknown specimen of the vegetable creation. After marking all these things, persons about to furnish will be slow to follow the example of a gentleman favourably referred to by Mr. Loftie, who hung his room with grey paper, and then got a man to paint mottoes all over it in black.

Some people persuade themselves that to indulge discreetly in "a taste" is really a prudent thing to do. One of the authorities before us has many interesting tales of collections which not only amused and occupied the person who made them, but were at last sold at an enormous profit. Four tracts of Wycliffe's were bought for four shillings and sold for four hundred pounds. Another man purchased a book for four shillings and sixpence, and others for little more, and when he was sated with the treasure disposed of it for 225*l*. With this kind of anecdote, Snuffy Davy and Monkbarms in the *Antiquary* made themselves merry. But there is another side to the question of the prudence of collecting. If the amateur of old door keys, mediaeval bellows, and the warming-pans of the fourteenth century chances to be one of those beings who are enlightened by the early rays of a rising fashion, the time will come when his rubbish is worth its weight in gold. But with the vast majority of the race, fashion is infectious; they thirst for door-keys and sigh for ancient bellows because their neighbours do the same; they buy in a dear market, and, when their children sell their effects, the collection has reached its proper level, and goes at the price of old iron. The constant changes in taste, every new fad being put forth with the solemnity of infallible dogma, must ruin far more people than they enrich. Yet nothing is permanent apparently, except brass fenders. The very pleasure of the possession of a collection is in most cases a doubtful joy. A moment comes when a man asks himself, "Do I really like the Old English mottoes on the wall, or the Chelsea deformities in the cabinet?" Probably his friends have just reached the same stage of scepticism, and the market is flooded with depreciated wares. Pictures are quite as precarious investments. A man goes into Murillo and Claudio, and then comes Mr. Ruskin, and devotes the eloquence of a prophet to the task of "bearing" Claudio and Murillo. In another generation some one may find out that Turner was an impostor, and the hasty purchasers of Turner will leave a set of depreciated nightmares to their families. Who is to be certain of anything in household art when even the authentic Chippendale, like General Councils, may err and sometimes has erred? It seems that in Chippendale's wooden stands for candelabra an iron wire is run inside through the bends and curves. Clearly household art belongs, as philosophers say, to the realm of the contingent, and the moral is that no one should give himself much trouble about the matter, except at the prompting of his natural taste.

The decorative craze has its good sides, like other hobbies. If it leads a man to turn his house upside down every two years, and to dash himself against the "unalterable facts, the coarse and clumsy doors" which Miss Garrett laments over, at least it gives him occupation. When he wakes to the sense of depravity which a white ceiling causes in the orthodox, he has perhaps a few painful moments. He wonders where he will stop, if he commences

by painting his ceiling black and filling the panels of his house-door with glass. When once that hesitation is overcome, he begins to have an object in life—namely, to keep up with the correct opinion in household art. Mental agility and money are needed, but the former will sometimes supply the place of the latter; and when a man sees that Queen Anne is once more on the point of death, he will dispose of his goods at a profit, and be the first to pick up a few sweet things in the style of the First Consulate. *Ondoyant et divers*, he will learn when to get out of Piero della Francesca, and to invest in Le Brun, or Bouchers, or even in the works of Greuze, who is sure to have his second innings some day. By doing this, a man lets his consciousness play freely, and enters into the spirit of this harlequin age. We have no style of our own, because we know too much of the styles of the past, and learning has choked originality. Taste now consists in a series of rapid transformations, or in muddling together, in picturesque confusion, strays of the furniture of a dozen periods and races. Houses are furnished with the ruins of ages and of empires, and perhaps it is a comfort that the Victorian age will leave few productions that posterity can use in the same way.

It is curious that the speakers and writers who are most vexed by the popular indifference to household art fail to see that this indifference is natural and necessary, the result of fixed laws of human nature. The Rector of Lincoln says the public is as far as ever from appreciating the beauty of a Greek water-jug. But we must remember that the early potters were equally far from consciously realizing the merits of their own work; conscious good taste was never popular. Théophile Gautier observes that no civilized race can make three things—namely, a set of harness, an ordinary water-jug, and a mat—which could compete in point of taste with the productions of a barbaric race. Mr. Ruskin, too, has noticed, we think, that perfection in certain decorative arrangements of colour and texture goes along with cannibalism and polyandry. As more things of ordinary use are wanted, and as the want is supplied by machinery, there is less room for the exercise of patient fancy, and more change in traditional patterns. Amateurs may give the movement a little wrench in the direction of better taste, but it is the general conditions of demand and supply that regulate production. If we may judge by the example of the Japanese and the Persians, the good taste of primitive races is unconscious and instinctive. If we could let a Greek potter of the eighth century B.C. pass a few days in Worcestershire or Staffordshire, he would follow the English style as eagerly as do the Japanese. Long experience slowly devises, in unsophisticated times, the very best mode of handling some few and simple materials. Tradition hands down the manner, which becomes sacred, and much fancy is spent when time is no object in elaborating unessential details. The buyer takes what is offered to him, just as most of us take the first convenient set of bedroom crockery without thinking twice about its artistic value. When innovation reaches Oriental peoples we at once discover that their taste is no better than ours, and they yield to the fresh influence. They go on imitating what aesthetic people think tasteless horrors; aesthetic people go on trying to pick up specimens of the ancient traditional style. Every few months we see a change in the highest decorative society; one hobby is as good as another hobby, and no better. People who do not care about Queen Anne and Chippendale have their own tastes of some other sort, and do not mind being looked on as little better than the wicked. Perhaps the one great moral effect of the fashion of decoration is that it provides matter for talk as exciting as scandal, and less dangerous. When you pick a lady's curtain to pieces her character escapes criticism. To provide a harmless substitute for scandal, and to make even London houses not uninteresting to their occupants, is the office of domestic art.

MANCHESTER TOWN-HALL.

IT is a very old complaint that English towns and cities lag behind those of the Continent in their municipal buildings. And, though the position needs rather more qualification than might be thought at first sight, it cannot be denied that it is true on the whole. England has many more fine municipal halls than people commonly think; but most of them are in some measure hidden; few or none of them stand out, like the neighbouring ecclesiastical and military buildings, among the conspicuous features of the places where they are found. The Guildhall of York, rising above the Ouse, is more prominent than is usual in England; but it cannot claim to be a rival of the Minster, or even of the Castle. The Guildhall of London is visible enough in its own neighbourhood; but it does not stand out like St. Paul's and the Tower. Sometimes, as at Exeter, an ancient hall, a fine interior when you come to it, is altogether hidden by later buildings, and has positively to be looked for. In some places the *prytaneum* is a building altogether subordinate to some other. At Lincoln it stands over a gate; at Cirencester over a church porch; at Wells the original hall was an appendage to a hospital. We may safely say that in no English town is the town-hall the chief building; there is sure to be either a church or a castle which outshines it. How different this is from many cities of Italy and the Netherlands, from some also in Germany, we need not set forth. And the reason is obvious on the face of it. English cities never grew into sovereign commonwealths, like the cities of Germany and Italy; they never grew into the practical, if unacknowledged,

independence which was enjoyed by the cities of the Netherlands. No English city has so great a history as the great cities of Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, simply because England, as a whole, has a greater history than any of those lands. As far as general history is concerned, what York and Exeter lose England gains. At this stage some caviller may ask why England did not, in point of public buildings also, gain what York and Exeter lost. Till the present century, till the last forty years, we have had, not only no municipal, but no national buildings, to set against the great municipal buildings of the Continent. The truth is that it is only in a very advanced state of things that there are any strictly national buildings at all. When a city is sovereign, the life of the commonwealth is gathered on one spot; municipal and national purposes, municipal and national buildings, are the same. The magistrates, the councils, the assemblies, come together on one spot; they have their whole being on one spot; on that spot therefore great public buildings arise. Venice, as a sovereign city, was adorned with great public buildings, municipal as regards the city itself, national or imperial, or whatever we choose to call it—for neither of those words are accurate—as regards the whole dominion of the city. The ruling powers of both had their home on that one spot. With a kingdom, till a very advanced period of its life, the case is different. It has no centre, like the ruling city in a sovereign commonwealth. It is only in a comparatively late state of things that public business becomes so vast and complicated as to be localized on a particular spot and to demand buildings on that particular spot for their transaction. When Parliament was summoned one year at Westminster, the next at York, the next at Northampton, no one would think of building permanent Houses of Parliament anywhere. As long as the courts of law followed the King's person, for that much longer time when all public business followed the King's person, no one ever thought of building Law Courts or a Foreign Office. Gradually all these things were locally settled at Westminster; but, because they were settled there gradually without any formal act, the affairs of the nation found such local habitations as they could. No one till our own day thought of building great buildings for their special use. If London, instead of being the practical seat of government of a great kingdom, had been a sovereign commonwealth, ruling over subject provinces, London would have been adorned with great public buildings many centuries earlier than it was.

We have been led into this train of thought by the approaching completion of a building which occupies a special position in a city which itself occupies a special position. Manchester is the youngest of English cities, but it is in some sort the greatest. Looking at things from a purely municipal point of view, as long as municipal London is confined to the ancient city, its municipal area is much smaller than the municipal area of Manchester. And Manchester has raised for itself a municipal building which, in some points of view, is not unworthy of the greatness of the city. Only there at once arises a dispute as to its name. "Town-hall" is despised as not worthy of the greatness of the city. "Guild-hall" is inaccurate, for it is not a guild-hall; the corporation of Manchester, a creation of our own times, did not arise out of a guild-merchant or a guild of any kind. "City-hall" is proposed; but such a name is altogether without English precedent. Nor does it appear, that, as yet at least, the Town-Council of Manchester has changed itself into a "City-Council"; and though Manchester has a knight to its Town-Clerk, he is not yet spoken of as the "City-Clerk." Some who are fond of hard words have a lurking wish to call the building the "Municipal Palace"; and, though such a formula grates on English ears, it does suggest some subjects for thought. The Manchester Town-Hall has outgrown the estate of a "hall," just as Manchester itself has outgrown the state of things in which a hall was all that a municipal body needed. The old town-halls and guild-halls were simply halls in the strictest sense, halls differing very little from the halls of houses, greater or smaller. In an ancient house, we need hardly say, the hall was the chief feature; the few other rooms that there might be were mere appendages to it; hence "hall," from the days of Domesday onward, has been used for the house itself, at least in the cases of houses large enough to have any architectural features at all. The municipal hall was yet more truly the whole building than the domestic hall was. The place of assembly was the centre of everything; if anything else was attached to it, it was the merest appendage. But now, whether in the case of the house or of the municipal building, the hall has ceased to be everything. It gives its name to a building of which it has ceased to be the whole, of which it has often ceased to be even the leading feature. A large modern house may have a hall; the hall may even be a central and striking feature; but it cannot be said that the other rooms are mere appendages to it. So with the "municipal palace." The Manchester Town-Hall does contain a hall, and a stately hall, very much after the old pattern. But that hall is no longer the building itself, with anything else as mere appendage; it is simply one part of the building, larger doubtless than another single room, but neither the whole building nor even the ruling centre of it. The "public hall" at Manchester stands as only one thing among an endless range of staircases, corridors, rooms and offices for this and that purpose, such as the complicated affairs of so great a city now demand. This must be so in any modern municipal building raised for the use of a large town; but it is so at Manchester even more so than elsewhere. For the Town-Council at Manchester seems to manage everything, and everything is done on the same spot. Besides

rooms for municipal meetings and other public purposes, besides the Mayor's own quarters, public and private, there are endless rooms and offices for gas, health, water, police, all the departments of local administration. In other places these are often dealt with by separate bodies dwelling wide apart, but at Manchester they are all under the control of the municipal body itself, and all dwell together under the common roof of the city. Such a building as this is more than a "hall"; it needs some other name. And it is singular that in any other language it would have another name. It would be *palazzo pubblico*, *Rath-haus*, *Stadt-haus*, *hôtel de ville*. This difference of nomenclature is an instructive comment on the difference between the history of English and of continental municipalities. A guild of English burgesses found a "hall" enough for their purposes. A German or Flemish city, formally or practically independent, needed something more; it needed not merely a hall, but a whole house. And in Italy, where every large house had come to be called a palace, the city itself could not be without its palace also. What then is this great building to be called? One sighs to translate *Rath-haus* into *Rede-house*; but in these days but few would think how "short rede is good rede." And again, a building used for so many purposes, as it is more than a hall, is really more than a *Rath-haus*. Might we translate *Stadt-haus* into *Town-house*? That is plain English, and it describes the object of the building in all its varieties. It will be the Town-house, the home of the town as a town. And anywhere but in England no further controversy would arise. *Città*, *Stadt*, *ville*, do for any place great or small. But in England the old question about the "city" crops up again. But surely no one would plead for such a phrase as "City-house." As long as the Town-Council sits, as long as the Town-Clerk acts as their mouth-piece, "Town-house" cannot be an unfitting name for the building which is their local home.

We will not here discuss the mere architecture of the building. It is less un-English than that of a good many other buildings of the same type. Yet, as we look on its endless marble columns, we are half tempted to say, "Friends, you have no business here; but we should be glad to meet you at Verona or Ravenna." What we speak of now is the building itself, as a witness to the greatness of the city whose corporate home it is to be. Here is the house—let us so call it—of a community whose being is purely municipal, which has none of the attributes of a sovereign state, whose constitution may at any time be altered or abolished by the supreme authority of the whole kingdom, but which still ranks alongside of the homes of independent and sovereign states. Many a famous commonwealth which ruled far and wide was far less than Manchester; it would be safer to say that, setting aside Rome, none was so great. There can hardly be a building anywhere where more and more varied business has to be directly gone through than in the Manchester town-house. Our own parliament-house, the parliament-house of any sovereign kingdom or commonwealth, deals with greater affairs, but they are not in the same way actually done under its roof. A parliament legislates; it does not administer; a municipal body, within its own subordinate range, both legislates and administers. And certainly no municipality has a greater range of affairs to administer than that of Manchester. No building, old or new, better expresses its object; none teaches us more clearly what a position may be held by a city which is not itself a sovereign state, which is not even the seat of government of a sovereign state, but which is simply one out of many among the local centres of life in a great nation.

AT THE STORES.

GOING to the Stores seems just now to be a necessary element in the ordinary round of occupations of a good many middle-class Londoners. The extension of the idea of co-operative self-supply, first adopted by working-men, to the members of the Civil Service and their friends, has tended to erect the Stores into a conspicuous institution in certain outer zones of the self-styled fashionable world. Indeed, if one may judge from the equipages which daily bring their fair burdens to the Stores, it appears that people living in considerable style participate in the benefits of these institutions. There is very little mystery in the working of the Stores' principle. Mr. Fawcett gives us the following explanation:—As in certain of the working-men's "co-operative" societies, the profits go to the customers, only that these are paid, not by quarterly dividends, but by their getting their goods at lower prices than elsewhere. One chief source of the profits made, and so of the cheapness of the commodities, is the principle of ready money, through which the immense expense of bad debts is altogether avoided. Another saving of expenditure is made by requiring people to take home their own things, or at least to pay the cost of carriage. The benefit of this last reduction in price can of course only be realized by those who have carriages of their own, or who live near enough to send their own servants for the goods. Cheapened commodities, then—and, we may add, security against adulteration and short weights—are the great results aimed at in the Stores; and these results, to judge by the number of the customers, are fully attained. Moreover, since people who live in big houses and keep elegant carriages like cheapness as well as other people, it is no wonder that they flock to the Stores along with others.

It often happens that the agencies we have set going for certain definite purposes effect other advantageous results at which we

did not aim. So it is with the Stores. English people are lovers of shopping, and they like plenty of it. Now the Stores open up a wide field for the indulgence of this passion. Here a lady can purchase all varieties of things from a fur jacket to a cream-cheese. Whatever may be her wants she is pretty sure to find a supply on one of the well-laden floors, and even if we allow for one or two little drawbacks, such as the examination of accounts and the climbing of stairs, she can do a day's shopping at the Stores with the minimum waste of time and energy. There are, we are aware, one or two large private establishments which try very hard to share with the Stores this privilege of satisfying the most omnivorous tendencies of customers. Yet the latter seem to maintain a wider range of supply than their competitors. Hence the peculiar luxury of shopping at these places. A lady is able to run riot, so to speak, with her shopping propensities, and to take her till for a good part of the day of the delight of accumulating new substance. It is an impressive spectacle when, at the end of her purchases, she moves proudly and gladly to her carriage, followed by assistants bearing the trophies of her afternoon's work, which are to deck her carriage like some triumphal car.

Another advantage derivable from the Stores is that one shops in a kind of select society. They are not for the miscellaneous public, but for people of one's own social grade. The recognition of this fact seems to give an easy and comfortable character to the occupation. People feel much the same as if they met at a concert or in a crowded reception-room, and have a cheering sense of social security. In fact, shopping at the Stores becomes very much of a social art. The customers rather enjoy the sense of having plenty of people about them, and, so far from maintaining a frigid reserve, are very apt to aim at producing an agreeable impression on onlookers. Hence perhaps a certain freedom of manner and loudness of talk which one commonly notices in these places. The only drawback to this pleasant ease of shopping at the Stores arises from the fact that a few of the more fastidious *habitués* feel a little doubtful as to the perfect gentility of going to a cheap place for letterpaper or kid-boots. Occasionally one may see a lady holding aloof from the rest and hurrying through her purchases as if she were a little afraid of being detected in a questionable occupation. But scruples of this sort soon disappear when people find their equals in the social scale resorting to the same pursuits; and they are of too rare occurrence to affect the general tone of ease and gaiety of the place.

It is probably owing to this last circumstance that it has become the fashion to go to the Stores in family groups. It is quite curious to notice the number of papas and mamas, young ladies and gentlemen, who join in the afternoon's visit to these resorts. But for the Stores none of these persons probably would have any occasion to purchase such things as raisins or butter for themselves, and certainly men would never visit the places where their wives, sisters, or sweethearts buy their nicknacks. Here, however, one learns to buy everything, and the paterfamilias and his blooming wife and girls join amicably in the selection of comestibles and of cosmetics. This co-operation of the two sexes in shopping gives rise to many a pretty scene, and one may be well entertained in watching the play of the groups who thus kill time at the Stores. No doubt the married man and father looks a little bored now and then; yet he makes a great effort to get up interest in the new silk or the new parlour game which attracts his wife or daughter, and his ill-disguised attempts to seem more of a connoisseur than he really is are apt to wear a very comical aspect to the bystander. The most interesting kind of incident is afforded when a pair of lovers or a newly-married couple appear on the scene. All the details of purchasing seem infinitely funny to these happy natures. They like to show their complete ignorance respecting all such insignificant mundane matters as the price of new-laid eggs or the relative merits of different hair-washes, and every suggestion of the painstaking salesman calls forth a gentle explosion of hilarity. The young man especially takes the whole of the proceedings as a good joke, and in a becoming languid drawl expresses his amusement at the odd and rather uncouth doings of the place.

Yet, while there are these light and agreeable aspects of life at the Stores, there are not wanting its drawbacks. For one thing, the space in those buildings is limited and hardly fitted for the crowds which now flock to them. The very habit of going to the Stores *en famille* serves very materially to swell the ranks of the frequenters of these places, and the consequence is, in the busy hours of the day, especially between four and five in the afternoon, a rather close squeeze. Theoretically, of course, this should make no difference, since well-bred people are supposed to know how to behave, and also how to preserve their tempers unruffled even in a close-packed throng. In practice, however, it does make a difference. Through the overcrowding people undergo disagreeable pressure, depressing heat, and an irritating amount of delay in obtaining the articles they wish for. Even to thoroughly well-bred persons this combination of adverse circumstances is trying, and unfortunately good breeding is very apt to prove itself to be like certain cutaneous cosmetics, in melting away when the person grows a little too warm. Hence the scenes one may witness at the Stores in these trying moments are neither beautiful nor agreeable. Now, a choleric paterfamilias may be seen forcing his way through the crowd panting and fuming, and in the intervals of calmer respiration pouring forth his disgust at the universal neglect which is being heaped on him. Now, too, is the opportunity for the lynx-eyed matron who sees that it is a case of might being right, and who, with admirable self-possession, manages to engage the baffled

assistant and to walk off with her needed wares. When one or two thus give the cue, it is not difficult for others to follow. It has often been observed how largely our ideas of decency and morality depend on custom. If only a sufficient number set a fashion, be it never so vulgar in itself, it at once becomes right. So it is with the frequenters of the Stores. People who come in showy carriages with the most perfect toilets soon learn to push their way, to grasp sausage and ham, and to shout to the shopman like the rest.

It is perhaps worth observing that this melting away of good manners and lapse into coarse and ill-bred behaviour is most conspicuous in the grocery and provision departments. For one thing, here is always the thick of the crowd. Yet this fact does not wholly account for the peculiar intensity of the phenomenon in these regions. There seems to be a mental association between certain menial occupations and vulgar manners, so that when one engages in the former the latter return as a matter of course. To handle cheese and bacon is something foreign to a lady's ordinary life. To her mind, to descend to such actions is to be vulgar and coarse-minded, and when in obedience to custom she brings herself to make the descent, she instinctively thinks of herself as becoming vulgar. When this idea is once entertained the transition to actual coarseness is not difficult. We do not say people are right in thus connecting menial work with vulgarity. On the contrary, we are sure they are wrong, as every instance of a refined French, or, for that matter, English, housewife goes to prove. Only, the association once formed, the result follows. We may hazard another cause of the rudeness of behaviour one commonly seen in these departments of the Stores. Below all our superficial refinement there lurks a powerful instinct of individual self-preservation, and whenever it is a question of obtaining food, our politeness dwindles away very rapidly. When, for example, in a remote tourists' inn in Switzerland the visitors for the night exceed the provision made, how frankly do people manifest their determination to make their own share of the table-d'hôte as large as possible. So it seems to be at the Stores. People want all sorts of eatables. They see themselves opposed by a dense band of competitors. They are consequently seized with the deep-seated instinct we have just spoken of, and throw themselves into the fray as though it were in very truth a struggle for bodily existence. All this has its amusing side, no doubt. At the same time, it is not very edifying. It serves to make the Stores a striking illustration of the shallowness of much of the vaunted excellence of civilized life, and of the vast distance which has yet to be traversed before we shall have outgrown the deformities of the barbarism out of which we are said to have emerged.

INDIAN PUBLIC WORKS AND INDIAN FAMINES.

WE pointed out in a recent article on Indian railways and other public works that, quite apart from the indirect benefit to the Government which may be claimed as one of the advantages attending their construction, the railways may be said to pay their expenses from the saving which they have rendered possible in other branches of the public expenditure. We took our illustration from the military estimates; but an even stronger case can be made out for railways, and still more for irrigation works, as a means of saving the State the direct cost arising from the famines with which, in one part or another, India seems to be periodically afflicted. We all know how a famine comes about in that country. A dense population which derives its means of support wholly from the produce of the soil is suddenly deprived of the source of that supply—the rain, which alone enables the land to bring forth the crops on which it subsists. In many parts of India only one sort of food crop is grown, which forms the simple diet of the people; and for the whole tract there is but one sowing time. If the accustomed rain fails to come at that time, the crop equally fails to make its appearance, and the country remains for that season bare and uncultivated. The people eat up what little store of grain has remained over from last season's crop; when that is gone, a few perhaps will wander out into the fields to share with the starving cattle the scanty remnants of herbage still left; a few will carry their sufferings and their bones to some more favoured spot, if, as is most likely, they do not drop down and die on the road; but the vast majority die quietly at home. And next year the remnant of survivors—their cattle, their money, and their goods all gone—will attempt a miserable cultivation of the fields no longer denying a return, and easily affording a sufficient crop for the diminished numbers to be fed. When such a calamity overtakes an Indian district, the people cannot help themselves; the mass of them live wholly on the produce of their own fields, and have no money to buy food with; and even if they had, the food, in the absence of roads, could not be brought to them. Yet no complaints would be made, and but for the presence of British officials the existence of the famine, with all the appalling misery attending it, would scarcely be known beyond the place where it occurred.

Among other consequences of a famine, the Government has to go without its land revenue for that year, and probably to put up with a smaller revenue for many years to come. Indirect taxation of course suffers equally; the survivors have absolutely eaten up everything they possessed, except the soil, and a generation at least must pass before the famine-stricken country recovers its prosperous condition. Such used to be the history of all Indian

famines, and such would continue to be their history but for the change effected in the country by the extension of public works. Railways and roads admit of food being brought to a starving people; while well-designed works of irrigation, by ensuring a supply of water to at least a part of the district deprived of its usual rainfall, reduce what would otherwise be a famine to the limits of a scarcity. Where these conditions are wanting the most benevolent intentions will not prevent a famine from occurring even now. That in Orissa in 1866 surprised the local authorities at a season when all communication with the province was cut off, and earnest intentions did not prevent an enormous number of people from dying of starvation. On the other hand, there is forcible evidence in other parts of India of the value of public works in mitigating the effects of drought. In the dry tract of territory known as the North-West Provinces, although the ordinary rainfall begets a bountiful crop from the fruitful ground, the supply of water is so nicely adjusted to the wants of the land that a very small deficiency suffices to change this ordinarily fertile region into a barren waste. Accordingly it has been visited with famines on several occasions. That of 1833 inflicted terrible misery, desolating an enormous area of the finest part of India; and, notwithstanding the exertions of the Government, the famine of 1861, which found the great Ganges Canal still in an undeveloped state, and the East India Railway, that now traverses that part of the country, also unfinished, likewise caused severe suffering to a vast number of people. The revenue directly remitted on these two occasions must have come near to the first cost of the Canal. But when the drought of 1866 occurred in the same regions, the railway intersecting them was completed, and the Ganges Canal in full working order; by the aid of artificial irrigation large tracts of land bore crops where not a blade of wheat could otherwise have grown; while the railway enabled supplies of food to be imported into the country in sufficient quantities and at moderate cost, which else could not have been done. What would otherwise unquestionably have been a famine thus became merely a scarcity.

But further, a change has come over the attitude of the Government in regard to famines. In the time of Warren Hastings a famine was simply a calamity to be mourned, just as a pestilence might be; each was regarded as a visitation of Providence, to be lamented, but accepted as inevitable. In the famine of 1833 the action of the Government was limited for the most part to remitting the land revenue, which, indeed, the afflicted people could not possibly have paid. But now it has come to be thought that it is the business of the Government to ward off famines from the people; and accordingly, on the first warning that any tract is threatened by the calamity, we have the state of things which was lately to be witnessed in North Behar. Acting under a laudable impulse, and stimulated by English public opinion—expressed, for example, in such declarations as that of the *Times* that the Governor-General would be held responsible to the English nation if even a single life were lost from want of food—the Government throws aside all thought of economy; and the resources of the State are applied without stint to grapple with and overcome the difficulty. Transport operations are organized on an enormous scale; wagons and carts are hired by the thousand; and droves of ponies, which soon eat upon the road the trifling loads they bear, are brought to supplement them, the hirers and sellers naming their own price. So-called "relief works" are started on an enormous scale, such works meaning that everybody who puts in an appearance on them is to be maintained at the public cost. By efforts made in this way, regardless of cost, food in abundance is brought into the country; the people are kept alive at the expense of being pauperized; and a large number of European and native contractors retire on the handsome fortunes which they have realized in a single season. The famine in North Bengal cost six millions sterling, for which there is nothing to show except the people alive at the end of it; for the so-called public works undertaken were about as useful as works executed under such conditions always will be. We are not finding fault with the local Government, which, under the circumstances, had no other course to pursue. When a work of this sort has to be taken up in a hurry, there must needs be waste and extravagance, and fortunes will be made out of it; but the moral to be drawn is that the same money, or probably a moderate fraction of it, laid out judiciously beforehand in works of irrigation, would have rendered the famine an impossibility; while the same money laid out on a railway, even if it did not give a full direct return, would have enabled food to be imported into the district at a moderate price, and, if it had not superseded the necessity for direct action by the State, would at least have prevented the great waste of money on cart and cattle transport which actually occurred. That part of India is now, we believe, to be rendered safe against a recurrence of these visitations by protective works of irrigation and light railroads; but there are still other enormous tracts unprotected; and, as drought in some part of the country may be regarded as the normal condition of things in India, we must be prepared for a repetition of the wasteful proceedings of 1874, unless the Government has the firmness to exercise a wise foresight in the matter and to anticipate the evil. As we write, the news comes of a threatening famine in Western India; and the local talk is all of relief works, which means that the people are to be maintained at the public cost under the fiction that they are earning their dole on the improvised and ill-considered undertakings which go by that name. In reality, relief works are at best a means of feeding the wretched people who,

even with all this assistance, have to be let off paying their land rent for the year; so that the Government, while pouring out money without stint, will be receiving less than usual.

With these repeated warnings confronting us, the question seems to be, not whether—as was suggested by the *Times*, which laid down the moral position of the Indian Government in respect of the consequences of starvation—too much is being done in this way, but whether enough is being done to anticipate and repel these constant inroads. No doubt considerable boldness is required to pursue such a policy persistently, and the merits of the case have been a good deal obscured by the extravagant estimates of profits which the advocates of irrigation are too much in the habit of framing. Some works of this kind have no doubt yielded enormous returns; but the most favourable ground has now been taken up, and the works still to be undertaken will probably furnish at the outside not more than the interest on their cost in a direct form. The importance of the indirect return, on the other hand, can hardly be pressed too much; and certainly the Government cannot be accused of excessive precipitancy, for there is not a single work of this class which cannot be traced to the incidence of a past famine in the locality where the work is constructed. The Ganges Canal was the result of the famine of 1833; the additional canals since constructed from that great river were set in hand under the influence of the feelings aroused by the two subsequent famines in the Doab. The Indian Government, in fact, is perpetually engaged in locking its stable door after the horse is stolen. A canal to traverse the populous and important country of Oudh has been talked about for years past, and the scheme has been prepared in detail and then shelved; let Oudh be visited by a famine, and the canal will be undertaken immediately.

Of course there is a danger of doing too much in this line. It is easy to sink money in public works which would give no return, direct or indirect. And irrigation works might be constructed of a kind to fail in supplying water just at the time of drought. But these schemes have to run the gauntlet of criticism, both of the advisers of the Governor-General in India and of the Indian Council at home, before they can be adopted; and it is not a bad test of the policy hitherto pursued by the Indian Government, at least as regards the question whether it has gone too fast in this way, to review what has been done, and to see whether anything is superfluous. From this point of view it may be confidently asserted that there is not a single public work of any magnitude in India of which the Government regrets the execution, except the Godavery navigation, which was a work forced on the Government in India by the authorities at home, acting under the advice of Sir Arthur Cotton, and which the Government had the moral courage to stop while it was still incomplete, and after about half a million sterling had been spent to no purpose, rather than go on throwing good money after bad. Not, however, that we wish to be hard on Sir Arthur Cotton, to whom, notwithstanding this mistake of recommending the Government to waste half a million of money in trying to create a very dangerous navigation for a very small part of the year, through an uninhabited and deadly line of country, India is nevertheless under a lasting obligation; for it was to his unremitting exertions in the cause of irrigation at a time when the value of such measures was little understood, and when he stood alone in his advocacy, that the great works were undertaken in the Southern parts of the peninsula which have converted the districts affected by them into gardens of cultivation. And when we hear of proposals from the same quarter for superseding railways by canals, with steamboat navigation to be carried on at twenty-five miles an hour, we must remember that enthusiasm naturally tends to extremes, and that the gallant veteran, notwithstanding occasional eccentricities, has deserved well of the country which was for so many years the scene of his enduring labours.

SUGAR.

THE sudden rise in the price of sugar which has occurred during the past two months is for many reasons not unnaturally attracting attention beyond the limits of the purely commercial classes. Comparing the wholesale prices of the present time with those of twelve months ago, we find an advance of from thirty to forty per cent.—let us say, roughly, of one-third. Even at that rate the poor needlewoman and the wife of the common day-labourer would have to pay sixpence per pound for the sugar which cost them only fourpence-halfpenny a year since. But we need hardly tell our readers that, if the rise in the wholesale price is maintained, it will entail more than proportionate rise in the retail price. For the retailer must have his profit on the additional outlay as well as on the old cost, and he will take care, we may be sure, that that profit is not too meagre. But a rise of a penny three-farthings or twopence a pound in an article of universal consumption, as sugar has now become, would be a serious matter to the struggling poor at the beginning of winter, in a period of depressed trade, and while apprehensions of war on the vastest scale are discouraging all investment. It may be that the rise which has taken place is not justified. Indeed, last week there was a downward tendency in the markets, which, however, has been checked. But in any case the movement, by the interest it is exciting, brings before us very strongly the extraordinary change that has taken place in the social habits of the people since the beginning of the century, and at the same time illustrates in a

very striking way the influence exercised over those habits and over the development of the national resources by the policy of Governments, by wars, popular ideas of right and wrong, and by fiscal legislation.

Two centuries ago tea was scarcely known in Europe, and sugar was a rare luxury of the rich. Even at the beginning of the present century the use of these two necessities of life, as we are now accustomed to consider them, was confined almost exclusively to the upper and middle classes. Moreover, within the memory of some still living amongst us, there was only one kind of sugar known—that derived from the sugar-cane—and we drew our whole supplies from distant countries, chiefly from the West Indian colonies and the Far East. The first change in this state of things was brought about by a cause which we usually think of as productive of nothing but evil—war; and through the instrumentality of a blind and desperate policy. In the great struggle against the First Napoleon we were masters of the sea, while he was long the master of the land. We endeavoured, therefore, to avail ourselves of our maritime superiority to exhaust his resources, and we instituted the Continental blockade. He retaliated by the famous Berlin Decrees, and the attempt to ruin one another in this way was steadily pursued by the two countries. France, however, undoubtedly suffered the more severely from the contest. We had all the world outside Europe open to our wares, and in Europe itself, wherever fear of Napoleon did not outweigh all other sentiments, we had also the interests of the populations on our side. But France was able to obtain the foreign supplies of which she stood in need only by smuggling. In consequence, the price of sugar and other articles of the same kind almost reached famine rates. Napoleon set about remedying the injury, and the cultivation of beet-root as a source of sugar was encouraged in every method by his Government. The fall of Napoleon and the consequent opening up of the whole Continent to British trade retarded the growth of the new industry. Still Napoleon's policy was pursued by the Government that succeeded him. Among other modes of protection, beet-root sugar was exempted from all taxation, while a heavy duty was imposed upon foreign sugar. By this means the indigenous manufacture was fostered; and consequently we find that in 1832 about 9,000 tons of sugar were manufactured in France, which was about one-seventh of the total consumption of the country. After this period a new cause came into play, which gave an extraordinary impetus to the beet-root industry. The long agitation against slavery in this country triumphed, and negro emancipation was accomplished in the West Indies. The first result, as our readers are aware, was the disorganization of the West Indian labour market. And France took advantage so promptly of the opportunity that in 1842 her production of indigenous sugar had risen to 35,000 tons. It was an almost fourfold increase in ten years, and was very nearly one-third of the whole consumption, instead of one-seventh, as it had been in 1832. From this time the industry prospered so rapidly that a duty, less indeed than that on foreign sugar, but still of appreciable amount, was imposed on the beet-root product; and in 1847 that duty was made equal to the foreign duty. Still the industry attained greater proportions. In 1862 the home production somewhat exceeded the foreign imports. And in 1871 it was four times greater. Since then the home production has still further increased, until the foreign imports, compared with it, are but a small fraction. Last year, in fact, the home production exceeded 440,000 tons, nearly twice the amount of 1871. During 1874 and 1875 the wholesale price of sugar at Paris averaged 140 francs per 100 kilogrammes. At that rate the home production last year amounted in value to over 25,000,000. sterling. Thus in less than seventy years an industry has been created which is worth this enormous annual sum to France. In the meantime Germany, Austria, Russia, and Belgium followed the example of France. And the total production of beet-root sugar in Europe is now estimated considerably to exceed one million of tons.

This brief sketch of the rise of the beet-root industry in Europe is of interest for other reasons than because it illustrates in a very striking way the influence of national and international politics upon the development of material resources. It also shows how industrial growth in one country favours industrial growth in others. While the beet-root cultivation was extending upon the Continent, the organization of industry was undergoing a complete revolution. The old system of manufacturing on a small scale in the houses of the workpeople or in petty workshops was everywhere being replaced by manufacturing in vast factories, and in consequence the population in the more advanced countries largely increased in the towns. In our own country this revolution first set in, and has been carried further than elsewhere. But it is evident that this change in the mode of life necessitated a change of diet; especially, it created a need for a new beverage to take the place of milk. Under the old system the spinner and the weaver might hold little patches of land, and might keep their own cows or otherwise procure themselves milk. But when spinning and weaving came to be done in great factories, and when all other important industries were organized on the same vast scale, it is evident that a full supply of milk was out of the question. To furnish milk to the great towns of England in the proportion in which it is consumed in purely agricultural communities would probably not be done even if the whole soil of England were given up to dairy-farming. And if it could be done, there could be no room left for crops of any kind, nor should we be able to grow any meat. There was need, then, for some beverage to take the place

of milk, with some nutritious qualities, and yet not intoxicating like beer. The need was supplied by tea, coffee, and cocoa. But these would not have availed had sugar not become both plentiful and cheap. Although, therefore, the causes we have traced above were those which enabled beet-root sugar to supersede in a great measure in the markets of Europe that extracted from the cane, the real cause of the extraordinary production of sugar of all kinds was the unprecedented growth of material prosperity and extension of trade which the present century has witnessed. The growth of prosperity gave the working-classes in our great towns the means of purchasing comforts which they had never before enjoyed. And the course of events we have described put it in the power of France and other countries of Europe to produce sugar cheaply and in extraordinary abundance. Thus the two sets of causes acted and reacted on one another. In 1869, when Mr. Lowe first proposed the reduction of the sugar duties, he grounded his proposal on the fact that sugar even then was the solace of all classes and both sexes from the earliest infancy to tottering old age. And the quick reduction and final repeal of the duties have stimulated still further the universal consumption. Between 1869 and 1875, in fact, the consumption per head of the population in the United Kingdom has increased from 42 lbs. to 62 lbs. per annum; that is to say, the consumption is now nearly a pound and a quarter per week, and the value of the sugar imported last year exceeded 21,500,000.

The importance of the sugar crop of France, not to herself only, but also to us, will now be apparent. Of its importance to France the figures we have given above are sufficiently eloquent. And as to its importance to us we need only add to what we have already said, that last year the sugar we imported was equal in value to two-thirds of the wheat we imported, so universal an article of consumption has it now become. But the French crop this year is said to have failed. It is impossible thus early to judge how much exaggeration there may be in the reports of failure. It is commonly alleged that the out-turn will not exceed 250,000 tons, against 440,000 tons last year; but the truth will probably not be so bad. However, there is no doubt that the crop is a very short one. It is also said that the crops in other European countries are deficient, although we have seen the statement contradicted. And, lastly, the sugar-cane crop in the United States appears to be short. The cultivation in the United States has been decreasing ever since the Civil War. The crop is therefore of no very great importance. But the American consumption at the same time has been rapidly increasing, and this year the demand has been abnormally great. The American purchases in our market are indeed among the causes of the present perturbation. The result of this combination of adverse circumstances is that the wholesale prices have risen within the last two months from twenty to thirty per cent. It is quite possible that a large part of the rise may be due to speculation, and that the failure is not so great as to justify so extraordinary an advance. But it is also possible that even a greater rise may take place and be maintained. Even at the present level, if we import the same quantity as last year, our supply will cost us 5,000,000. more. Of course it may be that the enhanced price will check consumption. If it does not, it will diminish the sum which the lower section of the working-classes will have to lay out on other articles. In any case, it will be felt by them in a diminution of comforts. As for France, the failure cannot but tell heavily on the peasantry; coming, too, at a time when the *phyllloxera* is committing such ravages, it will be doubly trying to the country. And it will seriously affect the revenue, the duty upon sugar contributing a very considerable amount. That duty was increased in three successive years since the war; and it is a curious circumstance, which deserves to be noted here as completing our historical sketch of the beet-root industry, and showing once more in what unexpected ways legislation affects trade, that these increases of taxation actually stimulated the cultivation of beet-root. On exportation a drawback is allowed, and this drawback is so calculated that the exporter gets more than the duty he had paid. The drawback is thus in reality a premium on exportation, and as such it has acted, stimulating so greatly the exportation to this country that our own refiners and the colonial growers complain that they are being ruined.

THE SCOTCH FLOODS AND THE BENGAL CYCLONE.

THE inundations which have occurred in the Eastern and North-Eastern districts of Scotland in the course of the past week must have revived in some degree with many people the memory of the famous "Morayshire Floods." Unhappily it is nothing very unusual to hear of fertile haughs in that region submerged by a heavy rainfall in the neighbouring mountains; and we should suppose that the shrewd Scotch farmers in the great straths take care to make allowance for a certain annual average amount of damage, which they distribute over their nineteen years' tenancy. On this occasion, however, the floods appear to have been altogether exceptional. There are cities like Cairo at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio, and Lyons at the meeting of the Rhône and Saône, which learn to resign themselves to periodical disasters, and have got into the habit of making perpetual appeals to the energy of their citizens or the generosity of the public. But Dundee usually stands high and dry; and in the course of a pretty long acquaintance with Aberdeen, we have never heard of it being

under water. This year, however, both of these flourishing seaports and manufacturing towns have suffered severely. The hard-working people of the humbler quarters have been made houseless by hundreds, and urgent distress is so general as to tax the resources of local charity to the utmost. And if it be so in towns to which such promiscuous submersion is either a rare or an altogether unknown calamity, we may conceive the condition of districts in the country which must reckon with it as a risk to be habitually guarded against. Some of the smaller of the Northern rivers are so constantly dangerous that you can never trust them for an hour, even in the brightest summer weather. There is the Findhorn, for example, one of those Morayshire streams whose excesses have been immortalized by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. The Findhorn rises in a range of lofty mountains, and runs its rapid course to the sea, choked back here and there by sharp turns, or jammed up between the rocks of a narrow valley. When there is a sudden rainstorm in the mountains around its sources, the water comes down in a rush that gradually gathers into a wall. Thousands of insignificant rills gather strength and volume, and the rising of a number of petty tributaries swell "the sweat" of the main flood with incredible swiftness. The angler who may be quietly throwing his line in some rocky pool hears the ominous sound borne faintly to his ears, and has barely time to save himself before the descending waters are upon him. The somewhat shrunken pool where he was casting his line is suddenly converted into a foaming cataract, with the surging waters boiling up against the bank and raging for the speedy outlet that the configuration of the ground denies them. When they do come pouring down, after forcing the natural sluices, one can conceive the fate of the farmsteadings and cottages which shelter themselves snugly among the meadows where the valley expands. In an ordinary uprising it is only the low-lying fields that suffer; the embankments are breached, and the wooden fences swept away; but the natives who study the signs of the weather have had time to make all ready for the worst, and have driven the sheep and cattle to the higher grounds. But should the disaster take them by surprise, or the rainfall last unexpectedly, then it may be a question of their property, and possibly of their lives. The beasts in the fields may be surprised in the night-time, when the darkness makes it impossible to give them effectual help. The seething waters of the river come pouring in upon the flats through the gaps in the crumbling embankments; boundaries vanish out of sight as the extending lake mounts higher and higher—a lake which is soon troubled by the counterflow and underflow of violent currents; until, finally, the waves are beating against the doors, and possibly washing in at the windows. Prudent people who know themselves to be exposed to the most remote risk of such a catastrophe will keep a boat moored in the farm-steading, so that they may save themselves from the deluge by putting to sea. Even then, if they do save their lives by the skin of their teeth, it is at the sacrifice of almost everything that makes life best worth having. If their houses and farm-buildings are left standing at all, they are gutted and left lamentably out of repair; the manures that have been laid on their arable land have been buried out of sight, with the grasses on the pasture lands, under an impenetrable stratum of slime or gravel; and the cattle and the sheep have been borne, bellowing and bleating, down the flood, to turn up as bloated carcasses on the sand-banks where the river meets the sea. So far as we have learned, the late destruction in Scotland has been less appalling than that, simply because the flooding has been for the most part in such broad valleys as Strathtay. But the loss has been the more serious and extensive that the valleys which have suffered have been the most populous and highly cultivated. We have heard of sheep drifted away by the hundred; of valuable cattle caught by herds in the currents and carried off; of the contents of whole corn-yards sailing down stream in squadrons of stacks, among carts, roof-beams, and uprooted trees; of houses, whose inhabitants have been forced to take to flight, left standing in forlorn solitude in an inaccessible waste of waters. No doubt many a well-to-do farmer in Perthshire or Forfarshire, if he be not absolutely swamped for life, will only be able to get his head above water again by his own indomitable determination and the assistance of a friendly landlord.

The fate of these poor people is hard enough; but at least we are happy in this country in escaping those more terrible calamities to which the inhabitants of our Indian dominion are exposed. Every now and then we have news of an Indian cyclone, of a storm-wave that changes landmarks and carries everything away before it, and of fleets of ships tossed high upon the shore. But we remember no such appalling disaster as that of which we had tidings by telegraph the other day. Exceptional as it is, it warns us that similar occurrences are always possible; and, what is worse, that, humanly speaking, neither science nor capital can do anything to guard against them. On the evening of the 30th October there was apparently nothing whatever to cause alarm to the inhabitants of the populous islands in the mouths of the Ganges and Brahmapootra, or of the villages that lie thickly along the adjacent seaboard. A few hours later, and, with no prophetic warnings or long previous downfall of rain, the sea had broken over them as in a second deluge. In most cases those were the most fortunate who only awoke to die on the instant. Generally the struggles of the victims to prolong their lives only prolonged their dying agonies. For these flat islands float, as it were, like rafts on the surface of a shallow sea, and a slight rise is sufficient to flood them. Some of the inhabitants are said to

have been saved on the roofs where they had taken refuge; and, though it reads unlikely enough, it may have been possible. The roof was lifted off bodily with the rise of the water, and in some instances was strong enough to hold together till it had taken its freight ashore in safety. Generally speaking, the panic-stricken fugitives clambered into the boughs of the coco-nut trees which luckily surround every group of habitations. When the roots were strong enough to hold good, the fugitives starved and shivered until the waters slowly receded; but when the trees succumbed to the shaking, death was only delayed. Nor were things at all better on the mainland; for none of the low-lying villages, even when a considerable distance inland, had any efficient protection against a wave said to be twenty feet in depth. And the devastation wrought by such a cyclone is more sweeping than that of any other calamity. A famine kills or disseminates disease, and then there is an end of it. An earthquake partially engulfs the people with their property; but though it may spread ruin and misery far and wide, yet it spares something here and there. But so tremendous a visitation as this Bengal inundation leaves nothing behind it, unless possibly here and there a grove of fruit-trees. When the survivors return they may find it hard to recognize their land, and they will assuredly miss all that gave it its value. The slightly built habitations suitable to such a climate have of course disappeared. The herds, and the draught animals with which they tilled the ground, are gone, as are all the implements of husbandry; while the rich soil which yielded its crops almost spontaneously has been heaped over with gravel. All that the floods have left are the seeds of famine and pestilence; and the quantity of stranded and putrefying corpses form so many centres of contagion. Nor is it easy to repel the incursions of wild beasts from the neighbouring jungles, when once the tigers and jackals have found their way to prowl night after night over such tempting feeding-grounds.

The catastrophe is so unparalleled and so thorough that it is to be hoped it may excite a corresponding outburst of English charity; for certainly these miserable Bengalese have as near a claim upon us as Bulgarian widows or Servian invalids. But, unparalleled as the catastrophe is, it is conceivable that it may be repeated at any moment; and the most lamentable feature in the case is the impossibility of taking adequate precautions against such calamities. Protecting a Scotch farm against the river that runs through it is a mere question of money and engineering; and if the landlord chooses to venture his building expenses, the tenant occupies it on his own responsibility. But it is practically out of the question to transplant a people bodily, and these houseless Hindoos must settle again in the same places. It is impossible to bank in islands containing more than a third of a million of people with sea-walls which shall stand good against a twenty-feet storm-wave; still less can you throw up impregnable bulwarks round a long stretch of low-lying seaboard that gives external egress to the waterflow from the Himalayas and Hindoo Koosh. The Dutch have done as much in that way as any nation, but their triumphs of hydraulic engineering have been accomplished in the face of difficulties that were at least not insurmountable. The most we can do at the mouths of the Ganges and Brahmapootra is to offer to any of the rescued population the opportunity of transferring their residence to some other spot.

THE MAISON DE MOLIÈRE.

THE first of a series of dramatic notices written by M. Franscisé Sarcey and illustrated by M. Léon Gaucherel is called *La Maison de Molière*, and, as its name implies, treats of the theatre where are assembled the players to whom this set of M. Sarcey's criticisms is applied. This theatre, says the critic, has a life and aspect of its own:—"Elle n'est pas tout entière, comme la plupart des autres théâtres, dans le directeur qui la gouverne, les artistes qu'elle groupe et les employés qu'elle met en mouvement; tout ce personnel pourraient demain s'abimer d'un coup et périr, il n'en resterait pas moins debout ce vaste ensemble de vieilles traditions et de souvenirs glorieux, cette maison que l'on a si justement appelée du nom de son immortel fondateur, la maison de Molière; la seule institution peut-être que l'antique monarchie ait pu, à travers tant de révolutions, léguer à la France de 89, et qui, tout en restant fidèle à l'esprit du passé, ne se montre point réfractaire aux aspirations de l'avenir."

The writer goes on to describe how he paid a visit at Fontainebleau to Mme. Rose Dupuis, a retired sociétaire of the Comédie. She had possessed a good deal of talent, but, unfortunately for her, she belonged to the time of Mlle. Mars, and played the same line of parts that the greater actress took. She had known Emile Contat, whose elder sister was the first actress who appeared as Susanne in *Le Mariage de Figaro*, so that, as M. Sarcey says, "Il semblait qu'elle n'eût qu'à étendre la main pour toucher, à travers deux générations, celle de Mlle. Béjart ou de Mlle. Beauval." Mme. Dupuis, when M. Sarcey asked her if she ever paid a visit to the *foyer*, replied that no one at the theatre knew her except the treasurer, and that she knew no one; but she had never lost her affection for the theatre where she had spent much of her life, and she took delight in reading the chronicles of its present glory. It happened that on the critic's return to Paris he went to the annual trial in comedy and tragedy of the Conservatoire's pupils, and, talking to the young actresses, all of whom had the same ambition, that of becoming a sociétaire of the Comédie, fell

to wondering how many of them would realize their dream, and after a more or less brilliant career would, like Mme. Rose Dupuis, retire into a quiet country life, leaving to their successors the traditions they had learnt from their masters. This unbroken preservation of the rules of art is, as M. Sarcey says, the inestimable advantage of the Comédie Française:—"Elle est le fruit des siècles, et c'est en vain qu'on voudrait l'implanter d'un seul coup dans un autre théâtre." "On aurait beau copier l'organisation de la Comédie Française; les statuts se transforment aisément, non les souvenirs et les habitudes."

On the other hand, everything must have a beginning, and the supremacy of the Maison de Molière ought not to discourage other theatres from attempting to follow its example. Some time ago it was pointed out in these columns that the evenness of tone found in the best French and German theatres was the result of the actors engaged becoming assimilated by constant association in their studies and performances; and it was suggested that, if there should ever be a national English theatre, it would be important to adopt the system which, begun by Molière, has made his theatre "a model for the guidance of public taste, a school for each generation of actors, and a repertory of practical stage knowledge, such as no country in Europe but France has the good fortune to possess." Unfortunately there are certain difficulties, which M. Sarcey seems to us to dismiss too lightly, in the way of the school of art being reinforced as completely as could be wished even at the Théâtre Français. The critic says that, among all the girls at the Conservatoire who spoke to him of their hopes in life, there was not one who would not have preferred a hundred francs a month at the Comédie Française to the most brilliant engagement at no matter what other theatre. "Quelle joie de pouvoir mettre sur sa carte Mademoiselle Une Telle de la Comédie Française!" Unhappily it is by no means every player of talent who possesses the wisdom found in the "jolies têtes blondes" of which M. Sarcey speaks; there are but too many actors who prefer the dazzle of a "star" engagement to the certainty of acquiring science, reputation, and probable provision for the future at the Théâtre Français; and it is not very long since one of the most promising actresses in Paris definitely refused an engagement at the Français because she could at the moment make more money and play better parts elsewhere. The vice of money-making also led some actors of the Théâtre Français not long ago to take liberties in accepting provincial engagements which M. Perrin, the director, was compelled to put down with a strong hand. And, although it is perfectly true, as M. Sarcey says, that, when M. Perrin became director, he opened the windows and let in fresh air to a theatre which ran some risk of becoming musty and suffering from "gérontocratie," it is to be feared that there may be some difficulty as time goes on in persuading fresh air enough to come in. M. Perrin's system is undoubtedly the right one; if he has to choose between a comedian who has already acquired a reputation in some special line, and a promising pupil of the Conservatoire, he does not hesitate to take the pupil. But the next question, it seems to us, is not so much that proposed by M. Sarcey, "supposing the new comer does not succeed?" as "supposing he does succeed, will he stay at the Français?" However, the company, although, as M. Sarcey says, no direct successor to M. Bressant has been, or is likely to be, found, is certainly in no very evil case for the present; and it may no doubt be hoped that a set of young actors worthy to carry on the traditions of the house may arise in time. The company is probably the largest in existence, and this fact, we learn from the critic, is partly due to the new system which M. Perrin has been obliged to introduce by degrees, leaving undisturbed "ce que l'on nomme, en style de bureaucratie, les droits acquis. . . . Quand un homme, et surtout quand une femme, une jolie femme, s'entend, avait débuté à la Comédie Française et touché son premier mois d'appointements, il semblait qu'elle fût pour jamais visée à sa place, comme un chef de bureau au cuir vert de son fauteuil. Elle ne jouait pas toujours, mais elle restait au théâtre, et quelquefois même elle y avançait son place. Le public ne la voyait plus que les soirs du Malade Imaginaire, à la cérémonie; mais le caissier, plus favorisé, recevait toujours sa visite le dernier jour du mois."

As to the constitution of the theatre, M. Sarcey observes that it is a general opinion that the famous decree of Moscow, written with what has been called the *griffe étrange* of the first Napoleon, is the guiding principle of the society. As a matter of fact, he says, there is little law in operation beyond a collection of old usages, making up what the law books call custom. At the present moment the theatre is controlled by a director who is appointed by the Chef de l'Etat. If anybody asks, says M. Sarcey, by what right the Government interferes in theatrical matters, the answer is, simply by the right of paymaster. In return for the subvention paid to the theatre by Government, it is natural that the Minister should like to have some voice in its management, and he therefore appoints a general administrator, who is a kind of constitutional monarch. How far exactly the rights of the Sociétaires and those of the director may go M. Sarcey cannot say, and he thinks it probable that no one else can; but practically, if the director is a clever man, he can do pretty much as he pleases, so long as he does not trample on certain traditions which have become respectable by dint of age. Under the Second Empire, however, the director seems to have had rather a hard time of it. The Emperor's Ministers delighted in mixing themselves up with the conduct of the theatre, and gave a good deal of trouble by insisting upon certain pieces and certain so-called actresses obtain-

ing a hearing. Indeed, according to M. Sarcey, M. Empis was dismissed from his post for objecting, in somewhat trenchant terms, to the election as Sociétaire of a "jeune et aimable pensionnaire fort connue par des succès mondains." Under the Commune, of which M. Sarcey says nothing, the theatre, as may be supposed, had some difficulties to meet. The position of the theatre struck the Communists as being valuable for strategic purposes, and they often proposed to occupy it with troops and heavy guns. M. Edouard Thierry and his companions managed, however, to save it from occupation; partly, no doubt, by sending soft answers to such notes as this:—"Citoyen,—Donnez-moi, je vous prie, des places pour ce soir; il y aura madame mon épouse, et d'autres citoyennes, ses amies."

There was yet worse danger when the troops entered Paris, and, but for the exertions of the director and the company, the conflagration in the Palais-Royal might well have spread to the theatre. The last performance during the Commune was given on the 21st of May, 1871; and the theatre remained shut until the 1st of June, when the *Marriage de Figaro* was represented, with M. Coquelin cadet as Figaro, M. Kime as Bartholo, Mme. Nathalie as Marcelline, and Mlle. Crozette as Suzanne. The cast was attractive enough; but the Parisians, quick as they are to forget unpleasant things, had not yet recovered from the shock of the horrors they had passed through, and the theatre therefore was nearly empty. On the 19th July following this M. Perrin, the present director, succeeded M. Edouard Thierry. It must be hoped that the Maison de Molière will triumph over all internal as well as it has done over external difficulties. We trust to find another occasion for saying something of M. Sarcey's critical biographies of past and present actors of the Français.

REVIEWS.

BURNABY'S RIDE TO KHIVA.*

CAPTAIN BURNABY'S ride to Khiva owed its origin to his seeing, when he was at Khartoum, a paragraph in a paper to the effect that the Russian Government had ordered that no foreigner was to be allowed to travel in Russian Asia. It immediately occurred to him that nothing in life could be so interesting and exciting as to defy or evade this order, and to travel in Russian Asia. He yearned to go to a place where it was said he must not and could not go, and at the first opportunity he relieved his mind, and did travel in Russian Asia. The Russian Government did not, in point of fact, forbid him to travel, and he received a written permission from General Milutin, the Russian Minister of War, to travel in Russian Asia as much as he pleased. The local authorities watched his movements with much jealousy, but they did not disobey the orders of the Minister of War. Captain Burnaby had, however, been warned by a prophetic friend that, although permission to travel would be nominally given, yet the Russian Government would use its influence in London to have him recalled; and his journey was ultimately ended by a sudden telegram from the Duke of Cambridge ordering him to come home. Although no direct opposition to his travelling in Russian Asia was offered, he was aware that what the Russian authorities really objected to was his passing out of Russia into independent territories. In order, therefore, to reach Khiva, which is a vassal, though nominally independent, State, he avoided the Russian frontier fort and got into Khiva by a side route, and from Khiva he would have made his way to British India, had it not been that the Russians, having got the wished for telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, obliged him to leave Khiva for the nearest Russian fort, and return to Europe in the quickest and most direct manner possible. He had gone as fast to Khiva as horses, camels, and money could carry him. He stopped at Khiva four days, and then came back even faster than he went. It is obvious that the value of the observations of a traveller who goes to Khiva or anywhere else in such a manner must entirely depend on special gifts for observing; and few persons with such very limited opportunities of forming judgments on Central Asia could have made so good a use of their time as Captain Burnaby has done. He is an excellent linguist, and has actually mastered Russian to such a pitch of perfection that he often talked with Russians who did not find out that he was a foreigner. He is one of those travellers who manage to get forward when they want to get forward, and buy or enforce a ready acquiescence in their wishes. He is an admirable geographer, and has the rare art of making readers understand the map of a strange country. It is impossible to read what he has written, and to use the maps he has supplied, without feeling that he furnishes a key to the comprehension of the general scheme of Central Asia from Persia to China; for although he only went to Khiva, he mastered this scheme himself and understood exactly how to bring it before others. He also writes in a clear and lively style, and although his narrative is irradiated by a sort of exultation in his own strength, audacity, and adroitness, he always gives the impression that he keeps within the strict limits of accuracy. Above all, he is concise, and does not write for the sake of writing. The mere travelling part

* *A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia.* By Fred. Burnaby, Captain Royal Horse Guards. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1876.

of the book is by no means uninteresting. There is, of course, nothing very new to tell. The uncomfortable sledge, the scantiness of food, the bullying official, the faithful servant, the lazy guide, the wonderfully enduring horse, the infinity of garments that still do not keep out the cold, the snow storms, and so forth, are not all these things written in many books of Asiatic travel? It is the special merit of Captain Burnaby that he makes almost as short work of writing as of travelling. When he has to tell us that the pickles were frozen, or the beds uncomfortable, he tells us these facts with commendable brevity, and allows us to feel and forget our sorrow for him in successive instants. These are great merits in a traveller, and when it is added that he has the crowning merit of scarcely ever making a joke, those who take up his work and anticipate pleasure may feel sure that they will not be disappointed.

The demerit of Captain Burnaby as a traveller, or, at any rate, as a traveller in Russian Asia, is that he writes with an overpowering prepossession. He hated the Russians before he got to Central Asia; he hated them even more when he was there; he hates them most of all now that he has come back. He opens his book with a speculation which he says filled his mind when he heard that foreign travellers were not allowed to see Russian Asia for themselves. In a vein of innocent wonder he set himself to imagine what could be the possible reasons of this wish for concealment; and, after long pondering, he found that he could think of three motives which might be at work. It seemed to him not unlikely that the generals in Asia were treating the inhabitants of the conquered districts so cruelly that they were afraid the Emperor should get to know of their misdeeds through the circuitous means of reading a true statement written by an indignant foreigner. Or, if this was not so, then it might be that the whole system of government was bad, and bribery and corruption had passed from Western to Eastern Russia; or, worse thought than all, the Russian officers might have become tainted with Oriental vices, and dreaded their horrible immorality being dragged into the light of day. In whatever way he might turn the matter, Captain Burnaby could think of nothing except of a highly discreditable kind to account for the Russian officials not wishing him to go to Khiva through the newly-conquered province of the Czar. It is tolerably certain that Russian officials would rather not have too many critics inspecting all they have done or are doing in their distant territories; but it is scarcely necessary to seek for remote and discreditable causes for their objecting to an English officer going from Moscow to Khiva. When Captain Burnaby got to Khiva he had an audience of the Khan, and he tells us the subjects of the conversation that passed. After inquiring as to the history of the Crimean War, and stating that he and his neighbours were very glad to hear that the English had helped the Sultan, because they would be likely to help the Mahomedans of Central Asia, the Khan inquired whether it was not true that the Russians had lately laughed at England and regained all they had lost. Captain Burnaby replied that the English were easily able to beat the Russians, but were a very peaceable people, and did not wish to interfere with their neighbours unnecessarily. Why, asked the Khan, did not England help me when I sent a mission to Lord Northbrook? Captain Burnaby modestly answered that he was not in the secrets of his Government, and did not know; but he added that he, personally, was very sorry the Russians had been allowed to go to Khiva, as they might easily have been prevented. The subject was a highly interesting one to Captain Burnaby and the Khan, and they were at liberty to discuss it as they pleased; but it is not very astonishing that Russia is jealous of English officers going to the little vassal States on her borders and discussing with them the chances and the prudence of England helping them in their wars with Russia. It is quite true that an English officer who wished to go to Khiva might possibly manage to get at it by Bokhara or from Persia without going through Russia at all. But when an English officer comes from Russian territory he is naturally supposed to have been looking at the enemy's camp and examining the means which Russia would have available for a future campaign; and this indeed is exactly what Captain Burnaby did so far as the rapidity of his journey permitted. Interviews like that of Captain Burnaby and the Khan may seem to the Russian authorities to be likely to stir up a restless and antagonistic spirit in their petty neighbours. Perhaps it might be wiser and more dignified to take no notice and show no alarm under such circumstances; but that Russia should feel alarm is not so wonderful that it is necessary to suppose that they can have no other reason for objecting to expeditions like that of Captain Burnaby than their wish to conceal their cruelty, their corruption, or their detestable vices.

The Khan further remarked to Captain Burnaby that the Russians will now advance to Kashgar, then to Bokhara and Balkh, and so on to Merv and Herat, and then England will have to fight whether it wishes or not. This is precisely the opinion with which Captain Burnaby set out, and in which every day of travel and all the study he has been able to make of the present position of things in Central Asia have confirmed him. That the Russians will take first Kashgar, then Balkh, and then Merv unless they are stopped, is to Captain Burnaby's mind a certainty, and he is very anxious to persuade the English public that we ought to be beforehand with the Russians, and to announce that, if Kashgar, Balkh, or Merv, is threatened by Russia, we shall immediately go to war. The best mode of guarding India against Russian encroachments, and the precise point at which real danger would begin, are matters much controverted, and

on which it is very difficult to form an opinion. But Captain Burnaby is doing a useful service to his countrymen when, having formed a distinct view, he sets it forth with clearness, and furnishes every means in his power to enable us to understand why he holds the opinion he has formed. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book consists of the appendices, in which Captain Burnaby has collected many interesting materials for the study of the question in which he takes so much concern. He begins with a sketch of the Russian advance eastward, in which he briefly and clearly explains how far, by what stages, and by what combinations, Russia has in recent years pushed forward the limits of her Asiatic Empire. We do not see how such a sketch could have been better done, or how geography and history could have been made to illustrate each other better. He then gives appendices showing what it was that Russia through Count Schouvaloff undertook should not be done with regard to Khiva, and what was done. The main point is that Count Schouvaloff stated that the expedition would be on a small scale, and was only intended to chastise the Khan for his treatment of Russian merchants, and that there would be no prolonged occupation of Khiva. What was done was that the possessions of the Khan on the right bank of the Oxus were taken from him, a part being annexed to Russia and a part being made over to Bokhara. Khiva—that is, the town of Khiva—and the Khiyan territory on the south of the Oxus have not been occupied by Russia. There are no Russian soldiers in Khiva, and the Khan exercises authority in his remaining territories, so much so that Captain Burnaby was warned that if he entered the Khan's territory without permission, he might be tortured or killed. On the other hand, the Khan has been made a vassal of Russia. He is not allowed to have any soldiers of his own, and he is debarred from making treaties with any of his neighbours. In one sense Khiva is, and in another sense it is not, occupied by Russia. The Russians do not occupy Khiva; but they have stripped the Khan of all his possessions on the right bank of the Oxus, and hold him completely at their mercy. There can be no doubt that Count Schouvaloff's assurances to Lord Granville have not been fulfilled; but it is not, in a strict and technical sense, accurate to say that Khiva is occupied by Russia. In conclusion, Captain Burnaby gives a long series of statistics showing all the most important routes in Turkistan, Bokhara, Afghanistan, China, and Central Asia, with the distances to be traversed, and notes on the nature of the country traversed; and, as an aid to the comprehension of Asiatic geography, nothing could be more valuable.

As Captain Burnaby was able to talk Russian with perfect facility, he has many conversations to record in which opinions were expressed with a freedom which would not have been used if it had been known that a foreigner was present. The relations of Russia to foreign nations appear to form an ordinary and exciting topic of conversation. It would seem as if we might sum up the general result of Russian opinion by saying that Russians hate Germany, and fear it; hate Austria, and despise it; and neither despise nor hate England, but feel called on by destiny to go to war with it. All the Russian officers who talked with Captain Burnaby, even when they knew who he was, openly proclaimed that the great object of their lives was to push forward Russian territory until they could menace, and then invade and threaten, British India. They cannot bear tranquillity, and constantly long to be doing something by which they may relieve the tedium of a dull life and earn promotion and decorations. The ease with which the advance of Russia has recently been effected makes them see no difficulty in anything they fancy they would like to do; and, as one of them told Captain Burnaby, they could be in Merv in a week if they were allowed by their Government to go there. These things were, however, said in a way that was almost pleasant. As Captain Burnaby relates, almost every officer he met said to him, in words slightly varying but to the same effect:—"It is a great pity, but our interests clash, and, though capital friends as individuals, the question as to who is to be master in the East must soon be decided by the sword." Still, although there was a kind of friendliness in these utterances, Captain Burnaby was not to be melted. He could not bring himself to see any good in any Russian. He scarcely notices the men, except to say that they were drunk, or the ladies, except to say that they were angling for a husband. He finds a grievance in General Milutin's directing a letter to the British Embassy instead of to his hotel, and in the ignorant insolence of an innkeeper who, having a Russian colonel in his house, thought that an unknown foreigner must be treated as the colonel's inferior. Excepting for a few Cossacks who saved him by judicious treatment from suffering the loss of his arms by frostbite, he has not a good word for a Russian from one end of his book to the other. A one-sided book may, however, be an instructive one, and Captain Burnaby's book is unquestionably instructive. Within a narrow range it tells us much, and tells what it tells as well as any book that has been written on Russian Asia.

RAHEL.*

THIS book is the first satisfactory account in English of "the Lady Rahel, or Rachel, surnamed Levin in her maiden days," and known in later life as Mme. Varnhagen von Ense. Mr.

* *Rahel: Her Life and Letters.* By Mrs. Vaughan Jennings. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876

Carlyle's review of her husband's memoirs, published in 1838, was perhaps her first introduction to English readers; and it need hardly be said that, short as it is, it remains the most penetrating estimate of her remarkable character. Five years later came a heavy-handed article in the *Quarterly* on "German Women," in which "pity, regret, and, we may add, disgust at the social structure of morals and religion now existing in Germany," were brought to bear with crushing effect upon the reputation of Rahel. The book before us is a proof that she has survived the attacks of ignorant dogmatism. It is a book, not adequate indeed, but sympathetically written by a person so well versed in the German life of the time that her knowledge is almost a trial to the reader, whom she perpetually supposes to know as much as herself. The main fault of the volume is that much of it seems to consist of abstracts of reading for private use. There is a want of method, of clearness, of necessary explanations. Mrs. Jennings has made a fair précis of the immense amount of material at her command, but only for readers whose knowledge is almost as great as her own. For that large circle to whom the persons and events of the War of Liberation are only known in the most general way, much of the book will, we fear, be unintelligible—which is a great pity where so stirring a time and so strongly marked a figure are in question. For not only is Rahel most noticeable in herself, but the time of her life covers the most interesting period in the history of modern Germany. It was the time of transition pure and simple, beginning with the break-up of old systems of thought and the dawn of new ideas of government, and passing through the crash of the Napoleonic struggle to the dissolution of the political system of the older Germany, and to the preparation for the present era. Throughout these years Rahel was the meeting-point of varied interests.

On the one side she was patriotic and political, the betrothed of the young Varnhagen (a volunteer in the Austrian army), the nurse of the German wounded in Prague and Berlin, and finally the wife of a diplomatist who in 1814 foresaw the future of Prussia, and thenceforward set himself to work for it. On the other side she was the admirer and friend of Goethe, in her early life the correspondent of Fichte, Schleiermacher, and the Schlegels, for a brief month or so the rival of Mme. de Staél, and in her later years the protectress of Heine. Merely to follow the outlines of her life is thus to find oneself in contact with all the great names of the last generation in Germany; and her letters, her sayings, her thoughts, reflect the intellectual life of the time in a degree to which only one so widely knowing and known could have attained. But Rahel is not a mere reflection. What remains of her has the original individual note which alone makes biographical matter interesting to the outside world. In spite of the extravagance and egotism which mar the three thick volumes of her published letters, Mr. Carlyle perceived long ago that, apart from the brilliancy of her surroundings, there was in herself something distinctive, some rich gifts of heart and head to which a younger generation might well render some echo of the loud-voiced homage that its fathers bestowed upon them.

Rahel Levin, or Rachel Levi, was born of Jewish parents at Berlin, in 1771. Her father was a jeweller, a man of morose and despotic character, whose relation to his children was never one of sympathy or affection; while with her mother Rahel had as a girl perpetual misunderstandings, the rights of which are now very hard to make out. She was thus, when very young, thrown for companionship upon friends outside her home, and in this way was laid the foundation of those unconventional ways of thinking and acting, that freedom from ordinary restraints, which led to all her subsequent influence and fame, but which lay at the root of her home disputes and were afterwards to shock the susceptibilities of the *Quarterly Review*. The chief events of her youth seem to have been a brief meeting with Mirabeau when she was a girl of sixteen, and later on an unhappy engagement with a certain young Count von Finkenstein, which, having dragged on for two or three years, came to an end in 1799, choked by family difficulties on both sides. By the time this experience was over, and Rahel had recovered from the nervous illness it brought about, the first period of her life, with its young friendships and admirations, was past. At the age of thirty, after a long stay in Paris, she returned to Berlin, qualified by the discipline of thought and suffering to play a more important part in the world than had hitherto been hers. The establishment of her *salon* in Berlin dates from about 1800. Her father was then dead, and Rahel was the chief attraction in a house of which her mother was the nominal head, and where her brother Ludwig Robert, a man of considerable literary power, played the part of host. Here, for some six or seven years, Rahel's friendship and sympathy united and encouraged such men as Tieck, Gentz, the Schlegels, Fichte, Chamisso, La Motte Fouqué, and many more; men who cared more for the charm of her society than for the patriotic and anti-Jewish objections of those who saw in a *salon* only a French invention, and in Rahel only a Jewess. Her passionate and indiscriminate admiration for all he wrote brought her early into correspondence with Goethe—she was, says Mr. Carlyle, the first, or one of the first, to recognize his significance—but she did not make personal acquaintance with him till later. After 1803 the connexion with Varnhagen began, and grew more and more real and indispensable year by year. Mrs. Jennings translates an amusing account of an evening spent in Rahel's society about this time, from the pen of a young Frenchman who had brought her an introduction from a Parisian friend; an account which, if we accept it without question, puts before us in a complete and lively

way what a German *salon* of the time was and meant. To modern ideas it seems an astonishing institution. One has to realize the freedom and unreserve, or, as we might say, the indiscretion and want of dignity, that characterized social relations, before one understands the position of Rahel and her friend Henriette Herz. Let us, however, in fairness hear what Count S. has to say of the matter of this organized conversation:—

I heard the boldest ideas, the acutest thoughts, the most significant criticisms, and the most capricious play of fancy, all linked and suggested by the simple thread of accidental chit-chat.

* * * * *

Every one was naturally active, without being intrusive, and all seemed equally ready to talk or to listen. Most remarkable of all was Mademoiselle Levin herself. With what easy grace did she seem to rouse, brighten, warm everybody present. Her cheerfulness was irresistible. And what did she not say? I was entirely bewildered, and could no longer distinguish, among her remarkable utterances, what was wit, depth, right principle, genius, or mere eccentricity and caprice. I heard from her phrases of colossal wisdom, true inspirations, which in a simple word or two traversed the air like lightnings and lodged in the heart. About Goethe she said some astonishing things, such as I never heard equalled.

The tone of these gatherings, however, was by no means always so impersonal. When Mme. de Staél was in Berlin she established for a time a rival *salon*, which attracted some of Rahel's friends, among others Henriette Herz, the gifted and beautiful widow of the Jewish physician Marcus Herz, and herself one of the most popular women in Berlin society. An incident told of one of these evenings at Mme. de Staél's strikes us as the most vivid illustration in the book of the tone of manners during the *Sturm und Drang* period. Prince Louis Ferdinand was a member of the party. He was the King's brother, an admirer of Rahel and Henriette Herz, and he lost his life bravely a year or two later in the War of Liberation. Henriette describes his musical performances on the evening in question, and his general brilliancy, and then goes on:—

It is true, he never entirely lost a certain *ton de corps de garde*, which however was rather peculiar than offensive. On that evening, for example, he expressed himself toward me in a manner that from any one else would have seemed harsh and inconsiderate, but from him was only a genial expression of sympathy. Taking me by the hand, he led me up to the Duchess of Courland. "Look well at this woman," he exclaimed, "she is a woman who has never been loved as she deserved!" *What he said was true.*

In 1803 Rahel first met Varnhagen, he being then twenty and she thirty-two. He composed a poem to her on the first evening that he saw her, but it was long before they came to be really acquainted. In 1806, however, he became a regular member of her circle, and Rahel's influence over him was thenceforward supreme. "In her presence," he says, "I breathed a new atmosphere." Years of difficulty and separation, however, were still before the lovers. During this time of *salons* and sentimental patriotism had become a reality in Germany under the grip of Napoleon. Rahel and Varnhagen played their part well in the national crisis. She is seldom so attractive as when we find her indignantly urging him to expose the mismanagement of the Berlin hospitals, or setting the example at Prague of systematic and tender nursing of the wounded. It becomes hard now and then to reconcile her entire German feeling and hatred of Napoleon with her ever-increasing admiration for Goethe—Goethe, who throughout the struggle stood alone, hating the tumult and carping at the actors in it. But it was always possible to Rahel to isolate intellectual considerations from all others; and when she first met Goethe, a year after her marriage, we do not find in her description of the meeting any trace of the feeling which animated so many of her friends, and found utterance later in Ludwig Börne's expressive words:—"Since I have been able to feel I have hated Goethe, and since I have been able to think I have known why." Stein's answer to a petulant saying of Goethe's strikes perhaps a truer note than either Börne or Rahel:—

It was during this spring, so full of turmoil and military activity, that Goethe passed through Dresden in search of quiet in Bohemia. Conversing one day with Körner, who had just joyfully despatched his only son, the poet, to join the Lützow volunteers, Goethe testily exclaimed, "Napoleon is too strong for you: shake your chains as much as you will, you cannot break them, but only drive them deeper into your flesh." This was repeated, with some righteous indignation, to Stein, who quietly said, "Let him be, he has grown old."

In 1814, after long years of waiting, of wounds on his part, of solitude and illness on hers, Rahel and Varnhagen were at last married. The winter after they spent in Vienna, where all the diplomats of Europe were discussing the rearrangement of the map. They had their fair share of the "social junkettings" which seemed for a while to be taking the place of diplomatic work, and which made the Prince de Ligne say, "Le congrès danse, mais il ne marche pas"; but also they made their house a centre of the Prussian party, and Varnhagen, seeing, as Mrs. Jennings puts it, "the happy identity of the question of German unity with that of Prussian aggrandizement," wrote a vigorous pamphlet on the necessity for Prussia's annexing Saxony. The annexation, however, did not take place; Napoleon escaped from Elba; the Congress made up its differences, and Rahel was left to console herself with the society of the brilliant Mme. von Arnstein while her husband went on his duties to Berlin, and thence, after Waterloo, to Paris. It was while he was there, on August 20, that she first saw Goethe; and the description of their casual meeting in his favourite village of Niederrad is almost incredible as coming, not from a girl fresh from *Werther*, but from a sober woman of forty-four who had all her life been meeting the best society in Europe on equal terms. When

she first accidentally sees him in the carriage, "the shock, the delight, makes me wild"; when he calls upon her a few days afterwards, "this," she says, "was my patent of nobility." But the extravagant worship of Goethe which towers above all her other admirations—themselves not small—seems never to have been rewarded by another interview. Henceforward she returns to the old Berlin circle, or to such part of it as "death, upheld by war," has spared, the chief additions being the young Frenchman Count Astolf de Custine, and his mother. In 1819 the Berlin life was resumed, and the history of the years that follow is told in the letters which Mrs. Jennings extracts for us from Rahel's volumes. The approach of age had little effect upon her. "I find," she writes to Baron Brinckmann, "I have still the same inclinations, more or less the same views and opinions, the same incurable weaknesses, the same power and impotence; but with all this more apprehension of the reason of things, and a richer storehouse of thought. I hold it to be one of the duties of life to keep this storehouse increasingly full, perfect and true." And indeed she went on through the remaining years of her life in Berlin filling this "storehouse" and making the most diffusive use of its stores. No years are so rich as these in letters from her; and we trace in them, as is natural, an increasing seriousness, an increasing interest in the future of the individual soul and of mankind. She gradually passed from the philosophic reading on which she had formed her mind, from Kant and Moses Mendelsohn and Fichte, to the dreams of the Saint-Simonians and the religious mysticism of Angelus Silesius and Saint-Martin, "the Jacob Boehmen of France." She never actually became a Christian, as, under Schleiermacher's influence, did her friend Henriette Herz; but she was fond of repeating such lines as those of Silesius:—

Though Christ in Bethlehem a thousand times be born,
And not in thee, so art thou lost for evermore.

Four days before her death (March 2, 1833) she said to her husband:—

With delighted exaltation I look back upon my origin, upon the link which my history forms between the oldest memories of the human race and the interests of to-day, between the broadest interval of time and space. That which was, during the early part of my life, the greatest ignominy, the cause of bitterest sorrow, to have been born a Jewess, I would not now have otherwise at any price.

We have to thank Mrs. Jennings for giving us, even at this date, when the social conditions which produced Rahel have passed away beyond recall, a full and yet concise account of so interesting a figure. Between the three, nay five, German volumes of letters written and received by her, which Varnhagen published, and the half-dozen pages in which Mr. Carlyle dismisses her, comes this modest volume, containing no doubt what was best worth preserving of her letters, and wisely omitting those in which subjectivity becomes flat egotism. From it we come to understand without difficulty her extraordinary influence, and in some sort to detect the secret of it. There can be no doubt that it was most real. Every one of consequence in Germany knew Rahel and came under the spell of her talk, and sometimes even of her writing. Goethe, we have seen, treated her with rare distinction; Varnhagen loved her deeply; Gentz, the great diplomatist, thought her "high above him"; Heine "took her for his patroness"; Mme. de Staél felt her power so strongly that she even forgot to be jealous of her. A personality like this, when all deductions are made, must have something in it worth knowing by later generations; must, in some of its roots at least, "reach down to the region of the perennial." Deductions indeed may be made in abundance, on the score of vanity, on the score of vagueness; but there remains the picture of a woman of genius, wise and loving, and representing on her best side, as well as on her worst, a period of high importance in the history of modern Europe.

PARKER'S FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.*

(Second Notice.)

WE trust that we have in our former notice disproved Mr. Parker's main position, according to which the Flavian Amphitheatre was nothing more than a recasting or enlargement of the amphitheatre of Nero, and that in like sort a recasting or enlargement of the theatre of M. Scaurus. When Suetonius and Tacitus distinctly declare that the amphitheatre of Nero was of wood and stood in the Campus Martius, we cannot accept Mr. Parker's theory that it was of brick and stood on the site of the present Colosseum. When Pliny describes the building of Scaurus as a theatre, and minutely describes its *scena*, we cannot accept Mr. Parker's theory that it was an amphitheatre which would be without a *scena*. As far as the historical question goes, this is perhaps enough; but it is really a duty to sound scholarship to go on a little further, and to point out the astounding way in which Mr. Parker has dealt with his authorities in general. It is all the more necessary because of the real value of much of Mr. Parker's researches. The diggings in the Colosseum which have brought so much to light were to a considerable extent done at his suggestion; and he did good service in pointing out the real nature of the substructures, and in helping to save them when they were threatened with destruction. We hardly expect to be believed

* *The Flavian Amphitheatre, commonly called the Colosseum at Rome; its History and Substructures compared with other Amphitheatres.* By John Henry Parker, C.B. Oxford: James Parker & Co. London: Murray. 1876.

when we say that there were those who, when the diggings began, fancied that the performances went on at the bottom of everything, at the lowest point to which the diggings reached. They really believed that the substructure, an essential part of the building, was walls built by the Frangipani, when the amphitheatre was turned into a fortress. Those who talked in this way either had not seen or had not understood the arrangements of other amphitheatres, above all those of the amphitheatre at Capua. Indeed a vast amount of nonsense appeared in the *Times* and elsewhere to show that the objects of the Roman and Capuan amphitheatres were something quite different. On the strength of this absurd notion about the Frangipani, it was proposed, and actually begun, to destroy the underground works. Mr. Parker had a hand in stopping this destruction, and also in calling attention to the plain inference of common sense that the fights and other exhibitions could not have gone on at the bottom of the deep pit. A debt of gratitude is therefore owing to Mr. Parker from all students of Roman antiquities, even in this matter of the Colosseum. But for that very reason it is the more necessary to point out how utterly groundless are Mr. Parker's own notions of the history of the building. He will naturally be listened to on the subject; it is therefore a duty to warn those who may listen to him of the utterly reckless way in which he deals with his authorities. We thank Mr. Parker for what he has done for the building itself; we thank him for his photographic illustrations of it. We thank him—though to be sure Lipsius had done it long before him—for his elaborate comparison of the Colosseum with other amphitheatres; but, because of all this, it is only the more necessary to point out how little Mr. Parker can be trusted, how utterly groundless his arguments commonly are, when they rest, as they often must rest, on the construction of passages in Greek and Latin writers.

A good deal of what Mr. Parker writes about the Colosseum really reads like a number of sentences put together without any attempt at connexion. Take, for instance, a passage like this, which really reminds us a little of the style of Mr. Mackenzie Walcott:—

We are told that Nero made a Gymnasium and Naumachia in connection with his great palace, or golden house, and no vestiges of any such buildings have been found, unless both were combined in the great building called the Colosseum from its colossal size. The amphitheatre at Capua, being also a very large one, is said to have been called a Colosseum, but on rather doubtful authority. It is, however, certain that the name had nothing to do with the Colossus of Nero. It is evident that Nero made a great reservoir of water on this spot, which was supplied from his aqueduct on the Caelian.

We wish Mr. Parker would tell us why the building was called Colosseum. We believe that there is no authority for the name earlier than Beda, and the name by which he speaks of it is not "Colosseum," but "Coliseus." Gibbon, it may be remarked, admits the name of "Coliseum," as applied to the amphitheatre at Capua, on which Mr. Parker again oddly comments:—

The great amphitheatre at Capua is almost of the same size as the Colosseum in Rome, and a remarkably exact copy of it; some say that it was called by the same name, but this is rather doubtful, as persons who have resided at Capua for years say they have never heard it so called; the name is not of much importance.

The name certainly is not of much importance in either case, though it is well to remember from how late a time the name dates, and that the received name of the word—not that used by Gibbon—is a mere attempt to give a classical look to a barbarous name; and it would have been as well also to refer to that odd story to be found in Ducange, which describes a *Coliseum* quite different from the Flavian Amphitheatre. And, if Mr. Parker's inquiries at Capua had been carried on among those who resided there in the ninth century, he would have found that the Capuan Amphitheatre was then known, if not as the "Colosseum," at least as the "Colosseus," and that Waifer, who lived in it, thence took his title of "Colossensis" (Erchenpert, *Hist. Lang.* 51, 56). Mr. Parker was very near to this last authority when he quoted, in p. 6, the account of the building of the amphitheatre in the catalogue of Emperors in the same volume of Eccard's *Corpus Historicum*.

Mr. Parker certainly presses into his service the very strangest allies. Suetonius records the dedication of the amphitheatre by Titus, and the games which he exhibited there, and also the shows which he exhibited in the old *Naumachia*. Dio also (lxvi. 25) distinguishes two places where there were both shows of gladiators and naval fights, the second place being in the grove of Caius and Lucius. Nothing can be plainer; but Mr. Parker takes no notice of the passage of Dio, though he quotes the passage about the amphitheatre immediately before it; and he turns the passage in Suetonius, which so clearly distinguishes the amphitheatre and the old *Naumachia*, into an argument to prove that the amphitheatre and the *Naumachia* were clearly the same thing. In his work he first quotes Eutropius, then refers to Cassiodorus, and then says, "The account by Suetonius, writing some eighty or ninety years previously, is very clear." The chronology which places Suetonius eighty or ninety years before Cassiodorus is amazing even in Mr. Parker; but we agree with him that the passage in Suetonius is perfectly clear. It is perfectly clear to prove that the amphitheatre and the old *Naumachia* were quite distinct. Mr. Parker, however, boldly quotes the passage, and then adds:—

XUM

These old *Naumachias* were the same as the *singulis scaulis*, the old place for such amusements on the spot. They have been supposed to be the *Naumachia* of Augustus in the Tiber, but without authority; and the mention of the gladiators in connection with them implies that it was at the same place.

It is almost more amazing when a little after we read:—

The names of *stagnum* or *stagna*, and *naumachia*, are evidently used indifferently by the classical authors. It has been already mentioned that in the description of the far-famed palace of Nero, reaching from the Esquiline to the Palatine Hill, Suetonius also speaks of it having "a lake (*stagnum*) like a sea surrounded by buildings, after the fashion of cities." This could only apply to the Colosseum, and from this it would appear that in the time of Nero the surface could be flooded when required for theatrical display. Probably in two parts, divided by the great central passage or the gulf, and these two parts were called the *stagna*. It must always be remembered that the one object of the whole building was a theatre for the amusement of the people, very much like the Crystal Palace for London.

It may be as well to say that the passage which Mr. Parker translates stands in the original—"Stagnum maris istar, circumseptum adificis ad urbium speciem." Nero's Golden House has always been a puzzle; but it is a new view that it should have anything in common with the Crystal Palace; for surely Mr. Parker does not mean to compare the objects of the Crystal Palace and those of the Colosseum.

Mr. Parker presently gets to his special subject of construction. Now there can be no doubt that he is quite right in his general view of the history of brickwork. There is no doubt that the bricks did get wider and further apart as time went on; so that brickwork of the time of Diocletian is quite unlike brickwork of the time of Nero. Mr. Parker finds some arches of Neronian brick in the Colosseum, and he at once infers that they must be of older date than the time of Vespasian. Has Mr. Parker been deceived by the extraordinary number of Emperors who reigned in the two years A.D. 68-69, so as to be led to fancy that the reigns of Nero and Titus were very far apart? Now in fact only twelve years passed between the death of Nero and the dedication of the Colosseum; so that it is quite possible that Nero's bricklayers may have continued at work under Vespasian and Titus. Indeed, in the photographs Mr. Parker is satisfied with calling them bricks of the first century; and all the three Flavian reigns came within the first century. Directly after we read:—

We are expressly told that Augustus had intended to build an amphitheatre here, but had not done so. We have no mention of Claudius having built one, we are therefore driven back to an earlier period (probably to the amphitheatre of Scaurus, in the time of Sylla) for the date of the tufa walls, with the grooves for lifts, or *pegmata*, in them, as has been mentioned.

This indeed is a wonderful inference to make on the words of Suetonius (Vesp. 9)—"Fecit . . . Amphitheatum urbe media, ut destinasse compererat Augustum."

After placing Suetonius only eighty or ninety years before Cassiodorus, it is certainly a small matter to make Seneca "write about A.D. 20." Mr. Parker goes to Seneca (cf. 88) as an authority on his favourite subject of "pegmata." He also quotes his memorable seventh epistle on the shows generally. It seems that in the time when "no one" had any idea "that there was anything below the arena," but few people had any idea that gladiators were ever killed. Mr. Parker labours to set them right with a zeal which reminds us of our old friend who took such pains to prove that Mahomet never was a Cardinal at Rome:—

That one of the modes of putting criminals to death in Rome was to throw them to the wild beasts to be torn to pieces on the arena, to glut the savage taste of the Roman people, is notorious; but that many of the gladiators and other actors were also frequently killed on the arena is not so generally known, and yet the evidence for it is too distinct to be doubted. Seneca mentions distinctly, in one of his Epistles, that a number of the bodies were exposed to view, of men who were unable to defend themselves by their swords or their shields. He justly says that the men were as savage as the lions or the bears, and the usual end of these fighting men was death on the arena. There is a representation of them in a fine mosaic picture in the Villa Borghese, with the letter *B*, and others on two of the graffiti found in the Colosseum in 1875.

The words of Seneca, so oddly translated, are "Nihil habent quo tegantur; ad iustum totis corporibus expositi nunquam frustra manum mittunt." But the point of the passage is that Seneca here describes the "meridianum spectaculum," which he says should have been less bloody than the other shows, but which was really more so. Having seemingly read this epistle of Seneca, it is odd that Mr. Parker could not better understand the reference in Suetonius (Claudius, 23), where he says that Claudius

Bestiarii meridianique adeo delectabatur ut etiam prima luce ad spectaculum descendet, et meridie, dimiso ad prandium populo, pereaderet.

He then goes on to say that, besides those who were condemned to the games, Claudius would send others into the arena on slight pretexts. In Mr. Parker's hands this becomes one of the oddest things in a very odd paragraph:—

The importance attached to the public amusements, both by the people and by the emperors, appears extraordinary to modern ideas. Caligula was present from morning to evening, and had a series of the various kinds of hunting in different countries exhibited, such as the hunts of the Africans and of the Trojans; on these occasions, the arena was strewed with red and green foliage. At this period Suetonius also mentions that the people assembled at midnight for the shows of the following day, when they were gratuitous. The Emperor Claudius himself would go at daybreak to the amphitheatre, and see the wild beasts fed, and again at mid-day. The same practice is mentioned by Pliny as used in the time of Nero. Petronius also mentions the custom for two old negroes to sprinkle the arena with scents from small bottles, which they bought for the purpose.

If any one will take the trouble to look to Mr. Parker's notes, he will see that every clause implies some grotesque misconception. But we were specially tickled with Claudius going to see the wild beasts fed—a harmless sight enough in some places. Surely this is not a grim joke. When Mr. Parker speaks of "seeing the

beasts fed," surely he does not mean looking on at the games and seeing them eat men or one another.

At the end of another paragraph, thrown together very much in Mr. Walcott's style, we read that Seneca's "fifty-seventh letter is full of lamentations for the fate of the athletes." It is rather a lamentation for his own fate on a muddy road which made him feel like an athlete. It is only Mr. Parker who laments the fate of the athletes. Opposite Plate XXII.—we are here in the unpage part of the volume—we read:—

An athlete, commonly called a wrestler; but the athletes were more than merely wrestlers, they were often men of high rank, and fought with weapons also, sometimes with fatal results. This is prize-man with his palm-branch in his hand.

Of things which are merely queer we might fill a whole article. Here is one which is certainly queer enough, but it is not quite so queer as it looks:—

In 1142, the Roman people had driven out the barons, and had possession of this with their other fortresses, as appears from the records of the Roman Senate at that period. But the Frangipani soon recovered it, and the pope of their party, Innocent III., A.D. 1180 (called by the opposite party the anti-pope), was their guest; and from hence he fulminated his excommunication against the emperors, but he was soon afterwards captured and banished.

In 1160, Alexander III. (Bandinelli of Siena, called the orthodox Pope) in his second year, being besieged by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, abandoned the Lateran Palace, and took refuge in the stronghold of the Frangipani, with his brothers and their families. He there held courts, treated causes, and also waited for opportunities.

By more searching than it was worth, we have made out that there was a very obscure antipope, Lando of Sezze, who called himself Innocent the Third from 1178 to 1180. But we can make out nothing about his fulminating excommunications against the emperors. Is it possible that he and a more famous Innocent the Third have got confounded?

We are glad to find that Mr. Parker, in his survey of amphitheatres, takes in Pola, though he does not seem to have been there himself:—

I am indebted for this clear account of the amphitheatre at Pola to Lord Talbot de Malahide, who was there in October, 1875. The excellent drawing of Mr. Arthur Glenie, who resided at Pola for one whole summer, also agree perfectly with the excellent account of that remarkable building, which further contributes to illustrate the Colosseum at Rome. An excellent account of Pola appeared about the same time in the *Saturday Review*, but this is more general, not so specially written with this object in view.

We are delighted to find ourselves in company with so much excellence. And so we part with Mr. Parker, not at all forgetting his real services to knowledge both at Rome and elsewhere, but holding that they only make it the more needful to point out how thoroughly mistaken he is in his whole history of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

THE ATELIER DU LYS.*

THE opening scene of the story told with much knowledge and grace by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* passes at a village called Vaise, lying "between Pontarlier on the French frontier and that district which in 1793 was known as Bresse." This village is separated by a river from the Château de St. Aignan, owned by a good family of the *noblesse de province*, claiming distant cousinship with an elder branch bearing the same name. The owner of the château, at the time the story opens, has for long left the entire management of his estate to his steward Leroux, "much better known to the tenants than their master, of whom Leroux's dealings gave no very pleasant impression." As to the Baron and his sons, no one in the village knew where they were; some said at Paris; some that they had emigrated; when Leroux was asked he only shrugged his shoulders:—

The villagers had never known exactly what to make of Jacques Leroux; they had feared him when he acted for his lord, and feared him even more now that he headed the little party of Jacobins which had sprung up at Vaise as elsewhere, to be at first hailed and admired as patriots by their neighbours, all of whom had their own story of wrongs and sufferings, but who now began to be viewed with vague and fearful distrust. No one in France knew exactly what to expect or fear, so that no effectual defence could be attempted against the rising tide of revolution. Of late a rumour had circulated that the château and its lands were to be sold as *bien d'évêché*, in lots to the highest bidder, as the property of a neighbouring convent had been, some time before. No one knew the truth of this, unless Leroux did. The villagers thought that they must now be at liberty to kill game and fell trees as they pleased, and went, *en masse*, to pull down the dovecot of the château, with vengeful recollections of the crops destroyed and diminished by the flights of pigeons, whose right it was to feed in the tenants' fields. But having accomplished the destruction of the "colombier," they found a sudden check put to their proceedings by Leroux's declaring that the château and its dependencies were the property of the nation, and must therefore be respected. It was a severe disappointment, and there was much grumbling, but with bated breath, for Leroux knew how to speak too significantly to be disregarded.

Leroux, indeed, by an indefinable power of inspiring terror without using or seeming to possess any formidable force, crushed his wife, a Berrichonne like Mme. de St. Aignan, first into cowed and helpless submission, and then into her grave, whither she went leaving Edmée, her daughter, a girl of some sixteen or seventeen, on Leroux's hands. On her deathbed, the scene of which is described

* *The Atelier du Lys; or, an Art Student in the Reign of Terror.*
By the Author of "*Mademoiselle Mori*." 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

without any of that vulgar straining at effect which has grown common among a certain set of novelists, Mme. Leroux implores her daughter, for many cogent reasons, that if she ever has a chance of doing anything for a St. Aignan she will be sure to do it. While they are yet talking Leroux comes in and announces, in a brutal fashion, that the Baron's eldest son has been taken by the soldiers of the Revolution. "And he has been shot," Edmée said so quietly that he was deceived into thinking she had heard the news, and demanded with angry intelligence who had told her. "It needs no one to tell that, if he was taken," said the girl coldly." In his reply to this, Leroux strikes terror into both mother and daughter by announcing that his good friend Letumier demands Edmée in marriage, Letumier being a red-hot Jacobin, a connexion with whom would be valuable to Leroux, while by marrying her to him he would get rid of Edmée, whose quiet resistance constantly irritated him.

Edmée's chance of doing something for a St. Aignan comes only too soon. Two days after her mother's funeral she overhears a conversation between her father and Letumier from which she learns that the Chevalier de St. Aignan has suddenly arrived at the château to secure certain title-deeds and sums of money, and is to be surprised from both sides by parties of "good patriots." Edmée's resolution is taken at once; she rushes as soon as she can, regardless of her own risk, to warn the Chevalier Alain, and arrives just too late; for at the moment when she has told him who she is the two parties despatched to arrest him arrive. Leroux, when Edmée is discovered, displays a brutality which arouses a murmur among his hearers, and finally the maire, who has been disturbed and reluctant all the time, makes a judicious speech in which he appeals to the people of Vaise not to give an opportunity to their rivals by sending one of their own girls to prison as a bad patriot. "Yes, yes, citizen Letumier," he says; "I know that Fouché has reproached us for having contributed so few to the prisons of Macon; but what does that show? that there are only good Republicans among us, to be sure. Are we to be free and equal only to have Fouché ordering us about as if he were our seigneur?" Then, observing that Leroux's daughter cannot but be a good patriot, and that there is only one aristocrat present, he proposes, on the principle of man and wife being one, to merge the aristocrat in the patriot. "Let the young ci-devant marry the girl, and send them about their business. What do you say to that?" The people, not sorry to see both Leroux and the Chevalier humiliated, applaud the proposal, to which Alain, more to save the girl than himself, agrees, and they are married according to the brief ceremony then required. When they are left alone, Alain makes up his mind what to do. He tells Edmée that he fears they must make a long journey at once, and, asking her if she has heard of his aunt Mlle. de St. Aignan, says that the best thing he can do for Edmée is to leave her under this aunt's protection at Mortemart, while he goes to join his father, who has fled across the frontier to Switzerland.

On their weary way to Mortemart they fall in with a kindly Swiss, named Balmat, who has a passion for art and is going to Paris to study under David; and in his company they arrive at the house of Mlle. de St. Aignan, whom Alain is glad enough to find yet undenounced and safe, and there he leaves Edmée. It is from this point that the complications begin to which the hasty marriage of Edmée and Alain is the prologue. There is a certain cousin of St. Aignan's, named De Pelven, who has been at one time hand and glove with the Palais Royal, at another a Jacobin, and now a man of considerable influence, which he well knows how to turn to the best account for himself. He is a man of great talent and few scruples, not without good impulses, which are, however, swallowed up in his selfishness. He arrives at Mlle. de St. Aignan's house to look for Alain, and is disinclined to believe the old lady's assurances that the Chevalier is not in Mortemart. He makes an excuse to stay some days in the neighbourhood; after he has gone, Mlle. de St. Aignan asks Edmée:

"What did you think of him, petite?"

"He seemed old—much older than Monsieur le Chevalier."

"So he is—twenty years older, I imagine. No, a face like that—carved out of yellow ivory—would not take your fancy, child; but I have heard that few women can resist De Pelven. However, that is not talk for a child like you."

"I am glad he will come again," said Edmée. She had cause of gratitude to M. de Pelven, as it seemed, for after a conference with the maire and the notary of Mortemart, formal permission was made out and given to him for her residence in the town.

As time goes on De Pelven, who has gradually felt an attraction towards Edmée growing upon him, advises Mlle. de St. Aignan to leave Mortemart for Paris, on their way whither they encounter in the diligence Collot d'Herbois, who is with a strange persistency miscalled by the writer Collet. When they arrive at Paris Edmée, afraid of the declarations which De Pelven persists in making to her, although she has told him the story of her marriage, which she regards as binding, insists upon their having rooms of their own, instead of occupying part of De Pelven's house. They are forced to be content with wretched rooms in an out-of-the-way street, which in spite of its obscurity is sometimes filled by a furious mob rushing by to break open some baker's shop. De Pelven is obliged to leave Paris for a while, but gives the two women a protection from Robespierre and Danton extending over five weeks. The moment the time is expired, and before De Pelven is back, the woman of the house denounces Mlle. de St. Aignan, and procures her arrest. Before this there has been an interview between the old lady and

De Pelven, in which he has managed to discover, without raising suspicion, that she regards the marriage between Alain and Edmée as sacred; and when he comes back, in a scene drawn with considerable power between him and Edmée, she taxes him with having compassed the arrest himself:

"By what miserable chance did this occur?"

"Monsieur, that you must ask the woman in whose house you placed us."

"You are mistaken. She was aware that you were under the *egis* of Robespierre; I took care of that."

"And aware too of the very day on which it ceased to serve us. You took care of that also. Oh, do not deny it, monsieur, for I should not believe you."

"You think, then, that I have allowed Mademoiselle de St. Aignan to be arrested?"

"I do. She was an obstacle in your path, and you brushed it away."

"As I would anything, anyone, who stood between us," he answered, with passion intensified by the strength with which he repressed it. "Child! I would break you yourself if I could not make you yield otherwise. Do you know the old story of the slight vase which floated down a stream in company with a brazen jar? There is your history, unless you will hear reason," and she saw the fierce and dangerous gleam in his eye. "Do you think you can measure yourself against me?" he continued, as if he understood how inwardly and in silence she was rallying all her powers of resistance, and though her spirit was rising in indomitable revolt she trembled at the increasing vehemence of his tone, and the look in his face. "Foolish one! many who were strong in their day have tried it, and where are they? Listen, Edmée, I do not speak to you of my love, you know it, and only shrink the more from me; I tell you, whether you love me or abhor me it is all one, you must yield, but if you yield voluntarily, without delay, I will save Mademoiselle de St. Aignan."

Balmat the Swiss, however, manages to save Edmée from the sacrifice contemplated, and De Pelven, having no more to gain by Mlle. de St. Aignan's imprisonment, procures her release from Robespierre. There are other dangers, however, of an exciting kind to be passed through, and in the description of one of these occurs a blunder worse than that of calling Collot, Collet d'Herbois. It is indeed strange that a writer familiar with the subject undertaken should pass uncorrected this sentence. "Tais-tu, Laure!" he said hastily to the gay girl at his side.

All dangers are, however, avoided or overcome, and Edmée, falling in with an old friend of hers, M. Delys, a painter who used to be kind to her in the old days at St. Aignan, becomes his pupil and does him much credit. We have dwelt so much upon the earlier portion of the *Atelier du Lys* that we can say little of what is perhaps the pleasanter, if not the more exciting, part of the book. The plot by which things are brought to a happy end is pretty and ingenious, the characters are drawn with truth and delicacy, and the descriptions throughout the book are vivid.

EARLIEST GREEK CHRISTIAN HYMNS.*

IT is intelligible that modern hymnology should owe a heavier debt to Latin than to Greek sources when we consider how much more familiar for many ages the former language and literature were to Europe. Nevertheless we should take some shame to ourselves that there is still so limited a knowledge, even among scholars, of the treasures of Christian minstrelsy laid up in works of the fathers and early bishops of the Church in the language which enshrines the golden eloquence of Chrysostom. Dr. Neale, it is true, has to some extent made use of these treasures; and here and there a modern hymn-maker has pressed into his collection one or more of the Greek hymns in the third volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*; but it is only now that the publication in 1871 of the Greek *Anthologia Carminum Christianorum*, by W. Christ and M. Paranikas, has inspired a competent scholar to translate into English verse some choice samples of the earlier and more beautiful Greek Church poetry, the hymns and odes of Synesius, Gregory Nazianzen, Clement of Alexandria, and Methodius. The German work published by Teubner, and convenient in point of price and bulk, is probably not as well known as it might be; but it has fallen into good hands in the case of Mr. Chatfield, a scholar who has long been known in this field by his translations of the Liturgy into Greek verse, and by his fondness for kindred studies, as evinced in his suggestions to the late Lord Lyttelton while engaged upon his *Comus* and *Samsom Agonistes*. Thus Mr. Chatfield is well fitted to appreciate the expression of "sublime thought and divine truth" in grand early metres, to discriminate the fine wheat of the first ages from the later Mariolatric chaff, and, discarding the latter, to reproduce as far as might be the pick of the former in English verse. By his own description, his volume has the recommendation of coming before the public as a labour of love, done in the intervals of parochial work, and occasionally by the river-side, or on the ridge of the neighbouring hill. His style is characterized by freedom and absence of pedantry; and he shows, on the whole, an adequate appreciation of the thought and style of his originals. His biographies are wisely brief; but the reader can supplement them from Dr. Smith's dictionary.

Mr. Chatfield's first Christian poet is Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais (A.D. 375-430), a philosopher, patriot, and statesman, as well as poet, who had no less knowledge and practice in affairs than gifts of fancy and strength and keenness of intellect. A native of Cyrene, he studied there and at Alexandria, where he

* Songs and Hymns of Earliest Greek Christian Poets, Bishops, and others, Translated into English Verse. By Allen W. Chatfield, M.A., Vicar of Much Marcle. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1876.

heard Hypatia; and his eloquence and talents were more than once bestowed on the maintenance of the interests of Libya at the court of Arcadius, with whom his influence weighed at least for the passing hour. Mr. Chatfield is disposed to stand by the somewhat misrepresented Synesius in respect of his Christianity, and we agree with him that the internal evidence of his poems is consistent with sincere and reverent faith; though at a transition period a sense of doubt accompanies the perusal of hymns containing the sort of imagery which we find in Hymn IX. (pp. 84-7) into which are freely brought such names as Lucifer, Hesperus, Luna, Titan, and Cerberus. Here is a stave representing how these greeted and hailed the Saviour after His visit to the spirits in prison and His resurrection (*μετάησεν Εωσφόρος—επός ἀρχῶν 40-53*):—

And golden Hesperus afar
Shot beams, the Cytherean star.
And shepherdess of night, the moon,
Fill'd her bright crescent with festoon,
And flowered wreath of liquid fire,
And led her peers in joyous choir;
And through the trackless paths of air
Titan spread out his flaming hair:
For God's own Son, the Master Mind
Which did all things create and bind
In mutual law, full well he knew,
From whom his primal fire he drew.

The poet is sound on the doctrine of the Resurrection and on the Trinity (see Hymn II. v. 22 foll.), though at a first glance one is unaccustomed to the expression *μετάραν ἀρχῶν*, "middle rule" (compare Ode v. 57, "The Spirit, mid-enthroned compeer, The Parent Root and Branch between"), as applied to the Holy Spirit; and he especially dwells on the ministry of angels, whom in one place, in language singularly Homeric, he designates as *τορψέστι τοφοῖς δύον ὑμεν*, "For hymns they carry that with Thee acceptance find." (Hymn III. 106.) That his mind was of a poetic mould, and therefore keenly alive to the good and evil agencies of the spirit world and its unseen influences, is seen in many passages, as e.g. when in his 4th Hymn and fifth stanza (vv. 38-48) he sings:—

Let other listener be
To holy psalmody,
Let air be silent, too, and rapid streams
Adown the earth that pour,
And waves that lash the shore,
Let all be stayed as it in prayer beseeches.
And demon foes to holy strain,
Who haunt recesses dark and in the tombs remain;
Fly they far, far away,
While I my offerings pay.

In the same ode is a fine translation of a noble image of Synesius, recognizing the work of Him who made heaven and earth, which is done still further in the next ode. The lines run:—

And in the depths of sky
Unfathomed we descry
Thy ruling hand and power; for it is there
That Thou the stars dost lead,
And in light's pastures feed
The glittering host, with a true shepherd's care.
To all in heaven, in earth below,
Thou dost their tasks assign, and life on all bestow.

There is one especial charm about this early Christian poet—whose claim, however, in the 7th Ode, to have first invented this fashion of odes, must, we suspect, be taken "cum grano"—namely, that he imparts reality to his work by personal allusions and domestic references. In his 3rd Ode he refers to a journey he had made southward to pay his vows to God in Egypt, from that far Northern Thrace where he had been sojourning three dreary years near the Imperial Court, apparently pleading for the Libyan Pentapolis, and, as he puts it, "bearing his mother-country on his shoulders." That he combined the patriot with the poet and pleader is seen in an expression of his 5th Hymn, which recalls curiously classical proverb. In a Hymn to the Son one of his petitions runs thus:—

Persuasion to my words nod Thou,
And to my deeds such honest fame,
That truth I ne'er may disavow,
Nor Sparta nor Cyrene shame.

Cyrene, it need scarcely be said, was a colony of Sparta, and a true Cyrenian would be imbued with the spirit of the exhortation, "Spartam quam nactus es, orna." A pleasing glimpse, too, Synesius affords of his domestic life; for some readers will be surprised to learn that the Bishop of Ptolemais was so honest in his "nolo episcopari," when Theophilus pressed the office upon him, that he made it a condition that he should not have to put away his wife, for whom he prays God's blessing very tenderly in his 8th Ode. There, too, he expresses a loving gratitude for the providential recovery of his child:—

And on that darling son of mine
May Thy preserving mercy shine,
Whom, when just passing gates of death,
Thou didst restore to vital breath.
O Lord of Life, 'twas Thou didst wrench
From death's cold grasp his prey, and quench
My burning grief in floods of joy;
For Thou didst give me back my boy,
And tears, O Father, Thou didst dry,
In answer to Thy suppliant's cry.

Had we space for other specimens of Synesius's poetry, we

might quote a description of the visit of the Magi to Bethlehem for its symbolic explanation of their well-known gifts; but we confine ourselves to a good version of a feature in the Saviour's visit to the spirits in prison, on which he more than once dilates. In the Greek the lines run:—

*ταὶ νερπέριος μυχοῖς, [ἐκάθηρας sc.]
φθιμένους βορβούς
θεὸς εἰς Ἀΐδην σταλεῖς.*

Mr. Chatfield renders them:—

And dark recesses underground
In succour to the dead there bound,
By Thee, great Conqueror, were trod,
And Hades stood aghast at God.

Hereand there he seems less happy, as where in Ode I. 54 he translates the line in which the fallen angels are described as *πολύμητις (ὅμιλον sc.)* as "A Godlike though God-fallen race." We should think they might be described more literally as "a clamorous, much plotting race." Nor are we quite clear on what principle Mr. Chatfield translates the words *παιάνεις κόσμων τάρπον* in Ode V. 28.

Equal interest attaches to the translations which are given from Gregory Nazianzen, another luminary of the great Church constellation of the fourth century, and perhaps a greater poet, as well as bishop (for the brief term of his episcopate) than Synesius. This writer indeed appears to us, in the variety of his subjects, and his allusions to classic poetry and fable, to give token of more various cultivation than the other, and to be less addicted to falling back upon mere theological formulas. In the Hymn to Christ which begins this collection, two stanzas describing the Son's work of making and sustaining the world are turned with sufficient closeness, though in other places it strikes us that there is a tendency to undue paraphrase.

With reasonable soul
For Thee learns favoured man
His passions to control
And the Divine to scan;
For thou of all Creator art,
Thou mad'st the whole, and every part.
All march in ordered band;
O'er all Thou hold'st the reins;
All creatures of Thy hand
Thy providence sustains.
For Thou the word didst speak—twas done!
That Word of Thine was God the Son.

But the two most remarkable hymns of Gregory Nazianzen are that "To God" in dactylic hexameters, beginning "**Ω πάντων ἐπέκεινα**" and the Hymn "To his own Soul." The latter is justly characterized by Mr. Chatfield as spirited, forcible, and racy, and, according to his conception of it, he has done it adequate justice. The quotation that follows will give an idea of the first, mostly satisfactory, though the last line of the first stanza is rather "Tate and Bradyish":—

For round the centre all the woes
Of night and darkling day,
The common wants and common throes;
And all to Thee do pray.
And all things as they move along
In order fixed by Thee,
Thy watchword head, in silent song
Hymning Thy majesty.
All-named from attributes Thine own,
How call Thee as we ought?
Thou art unlimited, alone,
Beyond the range of thought.

The second is in a much more sparkling vein, and passes in review the desires of the carnal mind in their order, with the counter resolves of the spiritual mind, pointing against covetousness the moral of Gyges and Midas, and shadowing forth the consequence of wedding a daughter of Heil, by the results which will ensue in the multiplication of woes and slaughters. One is reminded, though not in the same groove as is common in the Latin Hymnists, of the routine phases of worldly vainglory, the Senate, the Forum, the Games. The vanity of human ambition is put in much the same form:—

Vain wish! a shadowy dreaming,
A moan of wind hence bound,
Whiz of an arrow gleaming,
A handclap's dying sound.

In the verses that follow the poet sets forth more abiding prospects:—

For thee a house abideth,
A rock with self-formed dome
Nature herself provideth
We give thee such a home.
Or if thy fancy leadeth
To build thee such a cell,
But little toil it needeth,
Where thou mayst safely dwell.
The body claims small payment,
Ere it returns to dust:
Skins, camel's hair for raiment,
Of old sufficed the just.
And grass or straw, as chances,
Make thou thy humble bed—
And purple heath or branches
The coverlet be spread.

It is well known that the life which Gregory here images he

eventually adopted, preferring it to the worldling's "boring the vessel" (*τερπνούσσην αὐτλέν πιθώ* 132), a figure which he borrows from the daughters of Danaus, or nursing the frozen reptile to sting him when revived, a simile which shows his familiarity with fable-lore. Amongst others of Gregory Nazianzen's poems is a "Morning Prayer," which is made good sense and metre by Mr. Chatfield's emendation *όρθρος* for *όρθος*.

Of the rest of the Greek Christian poets Mr. Chatfield singles out Methodius, Bishop of Patara and afterwards of Tyre, a martyr in the Dioclesian persecution, whose virgin's song in twenty-four strophes, according to the order of the alphabet, was worth reproducing in English verse, and has been rendered with much spirit; and Clement of Alexandria, whose celebrated hymn to Christ—*βασιλεὺς δῆμων, λόγος πανδαιάστων*—he has turned with considerable success. He has added an interesting appendix of hymns of unknown authorship in unrhymed English, by way of showing the great antiquity of parts of our Liturgy and Communion Service. It is somewhat singular that, as his list of authors ends with Clement, whose epoch was A.D. 170–220, Mr. Chatfield has reversed the chronological order in his arrangement. We need not quarrel with this, seeing that the order of merit is still preserved, unless indeed we rate Gregory Nazianzen as foremost. It is a clear gain to have got this taste of early Greek Christian song from so competent a translator.

CARPENTER'S MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.*

THAT Dr. Carpenter's book should have reached its fourth edition within two years need not be a matter of great surprise. The author's reputation in certain fields of physical science must doubtless have assisted the diffusion of a work which, while it has mostly to do with the facts of the moral world, professedly reasons on the data of physiology. There are moreover certain characteristics of the book which are pretty certain to secure the popularity of any scientific work. It is full of concrete illustrations from beginning to end. The author skilfully avoids the more abstruse aspects of his subject, while he does not hesitate to break the course of his argument by biographical anecdotes, extending in some cases over twelve pages (see pp. 266–278), if only he has good and pertinent stories to relate. Not only so, but he has a keen sense for what is striking to the imagination and what is uppermost in the popular mind; and his lengthy discussions of the phenomena of "electro-biology," of mesmerism, and of Spiritualism, have without doubt contributed no little to the success of the volume. Finally, Dr. Carpenter manages to soothe and to reassure the theological mind, which is nowadays a good deal perturbed by the messages frequently delivered by men of science. Dr. Carpenter is pre-eminently a cautious man. He never shocks his readers. Even where he is seeking to disabuse men's minds of an illusion, as in his thoroughly common-sense explanations of the occult phenomena of mesmerism, &c., he has a way of doing it which may easily leave the subject of the error a faint assurance that he was at least half right. The same wisdom of method is visible in the author's discussion of the relations of science and theology. He never loses an opportunity of introducing religious sentiment into his discussion, and in a closing chapter he goes a good deal out of his way to discuss the question of Mind and Will in nature. We think these facts account for very much of the popularity of Dr. Carpenter's book—a popularity which is clearly proved by the notice accorded to it in certain high quarters where works on mental science are in general ignored as lying outside the limits of popular literature.

We are far from saying that there are no excellences in the work as an exposition of a certain field of scientific research which give it a value apart from the advantages just enumerated. For one thing, the writer expounds his science with great clearness. He has a way of presenting scientific truth as though it might have been reached by the reader's own unaided common sense. Moreover, he has a wholesome dislike to the clouding of scientific questions with a metaphysical haze. In short, he participates in Mr. Darwin's scientific common sense—a quality which more or less marks off all English men of science from some of their foreign brethren. It seems to us, indeed, that Dr. Carpenter's clearness is sometimes obtained by overlooking the subtlety and complexity of a question. Yet clearness of view is so estimable a quality in a teacher of science that we must honour it even when it seems to exclude a certain subtle penetration of vision.

We suspect, however, that Dr. Carpenter's admirers would be but ill content with the position here accorded to his treatise. According to the view of a high authority already referred to, the author has originated new ideas of great scientific importance. In a quotation from that authority prefixed to the new edition, he is said to have "built up a natural history of the mental faculties." As there seems to be a good deal of uncertainty, if not misapprehension, respecting the value of the work as a new contribution to science, it may be worth while to inquire for a moment or two into the true state of the case.

With the exception of one or two minor points, such as the rather fanciful hypothesis that the sensory ganglia of the brain are the immediate seat of all consciousness, to the exclusion of the

cortical surfaces of the hemispheres, Dr. Carpenter's claim to originality rests on two principal ideas. These are, first of all, the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration, and secondly the peculiar conception of the Ego as Will, which presides over without sharing in the causally determined action of the other mental functions and their correlated bodily processes. The doctrine of unconscious cerebration affirms that there is such a thing as a reflex activity of the brain; that is to say, there are cerebral activities which are unattended by consciousness, and which discover themselves only in their later effects—whether some external movement, or some affection of consciousness of which they are the remote antecedents. With respect to this theory, the claim to originality put forth by Dr. Carpenter has, we think, been pretty well upset by Dr. Laycock in certain papers recently contributed to the *Journal of Mental Science*. According to these, it seems clear that Dr. Laycock had anticipated the idea of an unconscious reflex action of the brain in publications anterior to that of Dr. Carpenter. The latter does not meet Dr. Laycock's claims in the new edition of his work; but contents himself with re-stating in a note (p. 516) that Dr. Laycock did not sufficiently show that by reflex action of the brain he meant unconscious action. When to this it is added that metaphysicians like Kant and Hamilton had frequently insisted on some occult mode of mental action, which, as J. S. Mill has shown, is unintelligible except as nervous changes unaccompanied by consciousness, it will be seen that Dr. Carpenter has by no means made a very startling discovery here. What he has done is to give a new and rather fine-sounding name to this process, to assign to it greater prominence in our mental operations, and to illustrate its effects in many new ways. In the last two parts of this task he has, we cordially recognize, displayed considerable ingenuity and insight, though we are disposed to think that he is a little too ready to fall back on this hidden cerebral action when a little more reflection would suggest some directly observable cause. In fact, the hypothesis of unconscious brain action is exceedingly liable to be employed as a kind of *deus ex machina* in psychology, much as Hartmann uses the idea of unconscious will.

The other original feature in Dr. Carpenter's book is the conception of the Ego. This is put forward as a direct refutation of the theory of "Human Automatism," which has made so great a stir of late in the hands of Professor Tyndall and Mr. Huxley. The author thinks he has found an escape from what he conceives to be the depressing and benumbing influences of contemporary scientific teaching; and, being a qualified man of science himself, he naturally expects his discovery to bring relief and consolation to many troubled minds. By the term automatism the writer means "not merely those *bodily* but those *mental* activities which are *determinedly related to* (or, in other words, *are caused by*) previous bodily or mental activities, to the exclusion of all *choice* or *self-direction* on the part of the Ego" (Preface to Fourth Edition, p. xvii. note). We strongly object to this extension of the term automatism, but this does not so much concern us here. The author allows that all mental phenomena except those controlled by will are "automatic," that is to say, subject to the law of causation, and so determined. The highest intellectual achievements, the discovery of a great scientific truth, for example, are in all but their volitional elements as much mechanical—that is, subject to laws of uniformity and connected with the mechanism of the nervous centres—as the most elementary processes of sensation. Thought as such, emotional aspiration as such, is no part of the Ego; it is the control of these by the will which first involves the co-operation of the Ego. This control is effected through attention—that is to say, voluntary attention; for Dr. Carpenter recognizes an automatic or reflex mode of attention as well. An Ego then is something wholly outside the play of our feelings and ideas, but can intervene at any point in the current, checking or altering the course of the tide. It is by this volitional direction of attention that a man is able to exercise a control over the motives of action, and so to realise free-will:—

This power is exercised in the determinate fixation of the Ego's attention on the determinate motives which he knows *ought* to prevail, and in the determinate withdrawal of his mental vision from the attraction which he knows *ought not* to prevail; so that the intensification of the former and the weakening of the latter give to the claims of duty a preponderating force in the regulation of the conduct.—Preface, p. xlvi.

Whether this attenuated form of the Ego will satisfy thoughtful minds is perhaps doubtful. It seems to us to be a rather feeble attempt to save a little of the territory of spiritualism from the grasp of materialism. But why resort to either of the two theories? Why not be content to look on the mental and the bodily as perfectly distinct, though manifesting themselves in a certain connexion in time? This is a much older escape from materialism than the one supplied by the author, and it seems to us to be far more tenable. Dr. Carpenter, in conceding so much territory to "automatism," has in reality robbed the remaining ground of all stability. There is a continuity in all mental phenomena, and to separate a certain class of mental actions from all others as manifestations of an occult Ego strikes us as being thoroughly unphilosophical. And it is quite easy to conceive how those higher exercises of volition in which the efficacy of motives is somehow modified by a selective attention may be effected by precisely the same "automatic" mental processes as the most elementary conscious actions. For our daily experience and a good part of education has a direct tendency to build up adequate "motives" for this very control of attention itself.

We cannot then bring ourselves to entertain so high an opinion of Dr. Carpenter's discoveries in psychology as many others appear

* *Principles of Mental Physiology, with their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions.* By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., &c. Fourth Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

to do. At the same time there can be no doubt that his work is of great practical value. If it did nothing else, its full discussion of certain contemporary superstitions, and its vigorous vindication of common sense against silly infatuation and impudent pretension, would be sure to effect a most valuable result.

OUR NEXT NEIGHBOUR.*

IF it is difficult in real life to draw a clear line between sprightliness and vulgarity, it is apparently impossible in fiction. Authors and authoresses alike try their hands at this delicate distinction, but for the most part they fail ignominiously; and, in place of the charming girl, full of happiness and innocent fun, yet neither coarse nor bold, we are treated to various presentations of hoydens of such full-flavoured breadth of vulgarity as would not, we believe, be found among upper-class servants. *Our Next Neighbour* is a book of this kind. It assumes to treat of great personages, such as a duke and a duchess, a marquess and a marchioness, a few minor lords, and a few sketchy and unimportant ladies, together with others of like degree, more minutely painted and placed in more important artistic positions. Of these the heroine, Lady Fanny FitzMorris, the eldest daughter of Lord Kirkcudbright, is one; and—we speak under correction—she seems to us rather an odd young person for the daughter of a gentleman, as we may presume her father the marquess to have been. The opening scene, which introduces the reader to Lady Fanny and her two sisters, Alice and Katie—who, by the way, are never dignified by any title at all—as they are playing billiards with their brother Dick, strikes the keynote of the story. They are making themselves merry over a certain visiting card. "Julius Hawkshaw," repeats Fanny, "in a singing voice. It won't get pretty any way; not even with my best notes." On which she pirouettes round what the author calls "the hall" (from which it seems that their "mansion" did not boast a billiard-room) humming "The Blue Danube," and "valsing" to her own humming. "Dick caught her round the waist as she was passing him, and together they danced till exhausted nature prostrated them both on the sofa, where their father, Lord Kirkcudbright, who at that moment entered, found them huddled together under a bright patch of sunlight that smiled in on them from the setting October sun." With this beginning we are not surprised to hear my lord say of his footman, who had denied them to this same Julius Hawkshaw, their "next neighbour" and a wealthy *parvenu*, yet on whom my lord had called—"Clever fellow, that man of mine. Only been here a month, but I think he knows by the look of people whom I want to see and whom I don't." With such an encomium on his servant the following bit of fun to his daughter comes naturally enough:—"Do you know you are one of those most hateful of all most loathsome created beings, an *enfant terrible*?" also that he should say "goodness gracious" by way of expletive, and talk of his "honour as a peer of the realm." Perhaps the most sensible thing in the conversation is a little speech by Lady Fanny:—

"The London drawing-rooms, papa, seem nowadays with miserable respectable folks, all straining to mount the staircase of refined Society. After all," she added, changing her tone, "if they were ever to reach the top, I am not sure that they would find us so very refined."

We can scarcely wonder that these very smart young ladies use such expressions as "those sort of people;" "I don't care one row of pins;" "My knowledge is like my dinner—I like to be always picking at something, but I don't care to be given much of anything," when the author's own ideas of style are to be found in this passage about Lady Fanny—"She is a beauty is Lady Fanny FitzMorris, and is universally acknowledged to be such;" when "ignorant" and "idle" are spoken of as "qualities;" when "What was he to do invariably then?" passes as lucid English; while an educated gentleman is made to commit the astounding blunder of "He, too, I murdered" balanced by the author's *naïve* inquiry, "Was it him really?"

The story is on a par with the style. The first difficulties turn on the admission into society of Julius Hawkshaw, the handsome, well-educated, and wealthy son of a vulgar old couple, who, Oxford man as he is, does not understand the accident of good breeding, and whose aristocratic hosts and entertainers do not scruple to treat him with undisguised insolence. Of course, as Lady Fanny is in the beginning the most noisily bitter against him, the experienced reader knows that there will be a love affair between them, with more or less misunderstanding by reason of pride and mistrust on either side, and more or less obstacles to overcome in the prejudices of the respective families. The very manner of introduction between the two young people prepares one for the rest. Julius Hawkshaw has begun to find his new life dull. All his philanthropic schemes for the improvement of the people on his newly-purchased estate, his interest in his possessions, and the freshness and novelty of his position, have failed him alike; and to shake off the burden of *ennui* which is oppressing him, he goes out for a walk with his big dog Nero. He gets into a lane that skirts the "Kirkcudbrights' park," leans his hand on the fence, and vaults over, his dog unable to follow. Presently there appears a girl on a pony, and Julius, to avoid a meeting, climbs into an elm tree,

and there hides himself. The girl, who is Lady Fanny, indulges in long monologues with her pony, by name Snail. She argues with him, and reproaches him with his name as a true description of his nature; she informs him of her intention of picking a mushroom which she sees, and of sitting down to eat it; and then "Julius Hawkshaw saw the two approaching the stump (?) of the tree wherein he was installed"; she tells Snail that the seat is hard, and reminds him of some blackberries they had just had; then she remembers that she ought to wish something, as it is the first time that she has eaten a mushroom this year; and she says it shall be a wish for a husband:—

Safe in the tree, Julius was trembling lest she should look up.

"Yes! I should like one! But then, he must be the right sort. He must be like Dick. He must let me do just as I like, and he must not be jealous. He must always be up to fun, and he must be always ready to go anywhere or do anything. And he must love sport! And he must not bother me about dress or finery! And he must not be a prig, or a snob! Those who have asked me always were prigs or snobs or learned men. I hate learned men, at least when they say so. And—and—he must be rich, I suppose because I am poor—but—ah! I should like him so much better if he were poor. Oh, Snail, it's very sad! Don't let's marry ever; let's go on just as we are now, as free as air, and always out—and no one to bother us, except you and I to bother each other. But, you see, when one is the eldest they always expect one to go off first, for the sake of being a good example to the others. Now there are Alice and Kate. It is a great bore to have to marry some man one dislikes just to set Kate a good example, and get out of her way."

A little sigh escaped her, and she laid her hand caressingly on the pony's neck. In answer, he put out his nose, and deftly nipped the peeled mushroom out of her hand.

"Oh! you wretch! Snail," exclaimed his astonished mistress, as the rejected morsel fell from his mouth at her feet. "There!—now mushroom and husband are both crumbled away for ever from before me? Well—let us go."

"Tho' he told me so much, I had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, 'John, I must away!'"

sang she, as she went.

After this she sees Nero left in the lane, lifts him over the fence, and returns to the "stump" of the tree where Julius is hiding in the branches; asks the dog if he belongs "to that horrible man at the Priory" (Julius himself), and answers her own question by "Because, if so, I don't like you! No, doggie, I don't! But you can't," she added suddenly, admiring the animal with wide-open eyes; "a man like that couldn't have a dog like you!" She still continues to talk to the dog of his hypothetical master, calls him a snob, and tells the dog "that it must be a bore to be a snob's dog—it makes you a snob of a dog too"; says that "he is rich and he made his money by pills. Pills, doggie, think of that! Perhaps he is poisoning us all still"; asks him his name, and mentions "Rhubarb" among others; and then, following the dog's eyes, looks up and sees a "tall young man, good-looking, with angry, stern-looking eyes, dressed in a grey shooting suit, sitting up in the tree." "My goodness!" she said, colouring crimson and rising to her feet.

They meet next at a cub-hunt, where "poor Charley was doomed; there in the corner they chopped him—poor short-lived Charley, born for this hour's amusement, and no more!" and next again, in rather more doubtful circumstances, when Julius, repeating his performance as eavesdropper, watches the scene and overhears the conversation between Lady Fanny, who is always rambling about the country alone, and a beautiful stranger nursing a lovely but suspicious baby. The beautiful stranger will not tell her surname—she is only "Kate", but this odd kind of daughter for "a peer of the realm" and a pompous, proud, and worldly mother to call their own, falls in love with her on the spot, and enters on a firm and familiar friendship, in no degree checked when "Kate" informs her very frankly that she has been seduced, and that the baby is illegitimate. When Kate starts as Lady Fanny tells her who she herself is—Lady Fanny FitzMorris—and when Lady Fanny meets her brother Lord Dalton prowling near the place, no more need be said, save that in the end the sister forces the brother to marry his interesting victim, the child being kept at home and introduced as a peacemaker all round, without an apparent onlook to the time when his illegitimacy would be an uncomfortable fact in the family circle, and a disagreeable truth for himself to learn. It was odd, however, that Julius, who was not only substantially a gentleman, a University man, and, with twenty thousand a year, in no possible want of friends among men of position, but who had also overheard Lady Fanny's designation of herself, should call her "Lady Fanny Kirkcudbright" when he is asked to take her in to dinner; as odd as that Lady Kirkcudbright, needy and worldly as she is, should hesitate to receive the possessor of twenty thousand a year as her son-in-law, backed by the daughter's honest and openly-expressed affection. The episode of Lord Swansen is ridiculous and offensive, and the personalities of old Mr. and Mrs. Hawkshaw, with that of their daughter Moll, are exaggerated and wearisome. But indeed the book is a tissue of nonsense and vulgarity, bad grammar and worse taste, throughout; nor can we see in it the faintest indication of future improvement. It is shallow, pretentious, and shows ludicrous ignorance of the things and personages which it pretends to depict. Its "peers of the realm," with the ladies belonging to them, are not so refined as the average of well-educated shopkeepers and superior artisans; its self-made millionaires and honest men of business are rather lower and more gross than so many navvies and bricklayers' hodmen; its circumstances are impossible, its characters patchwork, where no two parts

* *Our Next Neighbour.* By Courtenay Grant, Author of "Little Lady Lorraine," "A Losing Hazard," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

harmonize; altogether it is a dreary failure, and one only wonders what sort of people they can be who are supposed to find pleasure or profit in such reading.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THIS situation of the reviewer just before Christmas time is painfully like that of the convent drudge who used the charm to make strong beer flow, but forgot the spell to stop the stream. Christmas books, and gift-books, which, in due number and in proper place, may yield a sweet intoxication of delight, overwhelm the wretched critic, and threaten to drive him out of home and library. Tables and shelves groan under the mass of Christmas fare, and there is no one to pronounce a salutary spell, like the saint in the story, who cried "Vade retro, strong beerum, discede a lay fratre Petro," in such hasty Latin, and with such notable success. This being so, there is nothing for it but to take arms against this sea of troubles, and give some account of its multitudinous waves. In the first place, one would like to ask publishers why they are so fond of cloth-bindings in crimson and scarlet. To some tastes these covers seem to be in too violent contrast with the present rather milderewed style of decoration. On the other hand, a book like *Italy from the Alps to Mount Etna*, "translated by Frances Eleanor Trollope, edited by T. A. Trollope," and illustrated (Chapman and Hall), will light up a blue-green drawing-room, as Turner's scarlet buoy lit up his dim grey sea-piece. This massive work has been rendered into English from several German originals, and it is pretty to see the Teutonic spirit blazing out at the mere mention of Canossa. "Our blood boils as often as we read about it," says Karl Stieler, whom the translator represents as speaking of Charlemagne, a wrong thing for a Teuton to do, even in a Christmas book. But Herr Stieler's account of the mountain paths into North Italy is very fresh, and will recall pleasant memories, or awaken pleasant dreams of visits to the lands which he and his colleagues describe. In this large volume there are more than four hundred woodcuts, many of them very effective. We may select, as particularly good in their way, the sketch of a Venetian fishing-boat at page 61, and the interesting drawing of a building in the Ghetto (p. 68). The designer who represents Mentone by a portrait of a huge and hideous hotel or *pension*, backed by the mountains, has made a bad choice; and persons who, trusting to this work, try to stake one thousand francs on a single number at Monaco, will fortunately be prevented from committing the rash act by a watchful croupier. The warning to the German reader that he is "preparing for himself a gigantic deception," if he expects to find "wood-wells of coolness" in the Campagna, can scarcely be needed by the English tourist. We do not quite see how the Eleusinian mysteries came to be celebrated at Naples (p. 363), but possibly the writer means the "mysteries more than Eleusinian" of Leo Adolescens. Among the designs, the landscapes are the best, in our opinion, but the "toilet at Capri" is a pretty sketch of manners in that fairy island. *Italy Illustrated* will prove an almost inexhaustible store of pleasure to people who like this sort of art.

The Graphic Portfolio ("A Selection from the admired Engravings which have appeared in the 'Graphic.' Graphic Office") is a handsome volume of reprinted woodcuts. A slight account of the art of engraving on wood is presented to the reader, who often has a very vague idea of these processes. "First of all there is the sketch, then a careful drawing on a box-wood block, then the engraving. From the engraving a wax mould is taken, then a copper electrotype from the wax mould, and, finally, in the press a ponderous machine takes the unfortunate electrotype and hammers away impressions at the rate of a thousand an hour." It would be no marvel if the poor sketch were *diablement changée en route*, as the Frenchman said of the derivation of *jour* from *dies*, before it reached the public. But the fair impressions of the engraved block given here are many of them extremely clear-cut and satisfactory. The portrait of the late Lord Lytton, after M. Laugée, is one of the best pieces of modern work of its kind. Mr. Leslie's "Young Lady Revisiting School" does not need colour to make her sweetly pretty, and there is plenty of humour in Mr. Sydney Hall's "Artist's Dream in Pompeii." Mr. Dumaurier has some of his pleasant domestic studies, and an elegant piece of verse tells how a man may be tempted to marry by the sight of a very large family of children. Mr. Arthur Locker says, speaking of a certain Miss Isabel Brown:—

Having kissed her neatly, I'll say discreetly,
"I envy the Thompsons' grand parade;
Then perhaps, by and by, dearest Bella and I
May enjoy a "march past" of our own brigade.

Mrs. Allingham's drawing in illustration of Victor Hugo is the gem of the collection, though nothing can be prettier than Mr. Lawson's little girls in "The First Valentine." But it is almost invidious to make favourites where nearly all the designs have some grace or charm of subject and treatment.

Johnnykin and the Goblins, by P. G. Leland (Macmillan), illustrated by the author, is a book of nonsense, which is scarcely certain to win the suffrages of young or of old. It is impossible to say what nonsense children will not be good enough to laugh at, and perhaps older people may appreciate the fun of the Donkey-Johnnykin. Johnnykin himself is a refined boy who sketches and makes doggrel, and his people grieve that he is not as other lads. A friendly goblin in a church carving turns a

donkey into his likeness, while the real Johnnykin visits the land of Topsyturvydom. Meanwhile all his relations are delighted with his counterfeit, who is quite like other boys. When the amusement of this conception is exhausted, we are rather at a loss to find much to praise in the little book. There are plenty of wild verses and drawings, among which we prefer that of Mr. Manners, who is very lean, for a reason which may be sought in Mr. Leland's own commentary. *Non cuius contingit*—it is not every one who can find his way to Wonderland, where Mr. Leland seems rather lost.

The Pearl Fountain and other Fairy Tales, by Bridget and Julia Kavanagh, illustrated by J. Moyr Smith (Chatto and Windus), contains many pretty woodcuts, in a style which may perhaps be called Irish-Greek. There is a suspicion of Hibernian frolic in the slim and classical figures, especially where "the Queen turns out her Prime Minister, and gives her cook warning." In the stories, to tell the truth, we have not found it easy to take much pleasure. There is a profusion of pearls and gold, which in itself fascinates children, and is a note of the poetry of childlike races; but there is a want of what, for lack of a better word, may be called human interest, and we cannot get excited about Prince Doran and Fairie and Brownie. "Vaporous, unaccountable, dreamland lies forlorn of light," might be the motto of the work; and, were it not that children willingly lose themselves in the twilight of any fairyland, we do not fancy that these stories could greatly please them. But children bring with them the power of enjoyment, and so may safely be left by the margin of the "Pearl Fountain."

The Rose and the Lily, by Mrs. O. Blewitt (Chatto and Windus), is another fairy tale, in which there is mention of Clovis, Theodoric, of the Alemanni, and of the fairy Zephyra. Readers will learn from it much about an obscure epoch in history which they will find nowhere else. The frontispiece is an etching by Mr. Cruikshank, in the eighty-third year of his life, as he informs us in the margin.

Village Songs, by Mrs. Hawtrey, illustrated (Warne and Co.), are simple and innocent verses, intended to teach *sua bona* to the rustics who are slow to understand the happiness of their own lot in the fresh downs and shady woodlands. We are particularly pleased with the verses in which Mrs. Hawtrey dissuades a rural belle from "going to the fair," shows her that the free meadows are much more pure and delightful, and clinches the argument by the adroit introduction of a swain, of innocent tastes:—

And look! o'er the meadow comes Walter,
He smiles when he sees you are here.
I think his expression would alter,
If he found you had gone to the fair.

The rhyme may not be very rich, but the reason is a sufficient reason. The ploughman, who "smiles broadly at his baby's charms" (p. 145), has provided it, in the drawing, with a very nice lace cap, and other elegant raiment. One of the pictures bears the monogram of Mr. Paul Grey, a promising artist who died very young, in 1866.

Mildred Dalton, by Christian Redford (Hatchards), is a little story which we cannot think the best Sunday reading for the young. There is a group of five young people—three girls and two men—and of course, when two engagements happen, one girl is "out." But Miss Victoria Wollaston does not long remain in her forlorn estate, but flirts through the set, and elopes with the lover of Helen Stafford. Victoria, in reply to remarks about her probable condition in another world, says, "I should not wish to be with those who had been so very good. I would rather be outside." This is rather like Aucassin in the fabliau—"Mais en Infer voil jou ale, car en infer vont li bel clerc et li bel cavalier"—than a well-brought up young lady of the nineteenth century. At last, however, we are told that "Victoria set off on her pilgrimage"; so it may be supposed that she abandoned her "Titanic mood." One of the characters, Aunt Mary, publishes "a noble book," which, as we learn, was bound "in green and gold." *Mildred Dalton* also is in green and gold, though there may be two opinions about its nobility.

We have much pleasure in recommending *Heroes of the North and Erling; or, the Days of St. Olaf*, by F. Scarlet Potter (S.P.C.K.)—There is no better reading for boys, or for the eternal boy that is supposed to abide in all of us, than the Sagas from which Mr. Potter borrows with discretion. Whatever may be their historical value as teachers of facts, it is certain that they are full of information as to the manners and institutions of the heroic age of the North. The heroes—Sigurd, and Gunnar, and Kari, and Kjartan—are true and tender as well as brave; and in the character of Erling Mr. Potter has admirably succeeded in presenting boys with the picture of a boy of courage. Perhaps in his short account of the Norse mythology he might have introduced a little philology without wearying his readers; and, to touch on a detail, we doubt whether Nasse would agree with his view of the extreme slovenliness of early English agriculture. The moment of the introduction of Christianity, so full of picturesque contrasts and of broken lights, is well treated by Mr. Potter in his little story of *Erling*, and we trust that boys who once acquire a taste for the Sagas will go on to the translations by Mr. William Morris, where they will find good English, and plenty of fighting with evil men and evil demons.

Fan (S.P.C.K.) is a capital little tale of village life. Many of the short stories published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge show more humour, more observation, more

literary power in every direction, than the more ambitious novels of the moment. *Fan's* relations with the Squire's daughter, about whom she starts the heresy that she is not a miserable sinner, are very touchingly set forth; the volume ends happily, and there is very little preaching out of season.

In the Marsh, by B. C. Curling (S.P.C.K.), is, we think, still better than *Fan*. The old nurse who uses a whole family of imaginary cousins as awful examples of the danger attending everything that her charges want to do is worthy of a place in a more ambitious book. There are pleasing sketches of old rural customs and folklore, "butter-charms" and so forth. The children are lucky who find *Fan*, *In the Marsh*, and *For Faith and Fatherland* (M. Bramston, S.P.C.K.) among their Christmas gifts. The last-mentioned story deals with the resistance of the Netherlands to Spain, and tells its tale well and in good taste.

Men of Mark: Contemporary Pictures of Distinguished Men, photographed by Locke and Whitfield (Sampson Low and Co.), is a collection of photographs of well-known people. Possibly the "crudeness inseparable from camera images" is rather too much "modified." But the likeness of Captain Burton is very characteristic, as also is that of Monsignor Capel. Cardinal Manning is too much "modified." Père Hyacinthe bears Père Hyacinthe in every line of his expressive countenance, and we do not think that any one could fail to recognize him by intuition.

Maidenhood: or, on the Verge of the Stream, by Mrs. Valentine, illustrated (F. Warne and Co.), is a study, among other things, of the normal hatred between female cousins, sharpened by jealousy. We neither like the honest fierce girl nor the dishonest pretty girl who annoys her, but the book may interest girls "on the verge of the stream."

The Serious and Comic Poems of Thomas Hood (Moxon and Son) are cheap and complete reprints. Mr. Hood's own rough-hewn cuts are printed with the comic poems.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*THE Mikado's Empire**, by Mr. William E. Griffis, who held for eight years an appointment under the Government of Japan as one of the Professors of the Imperial University at Tokio, better known to Europeans as Yedo, is a work of no ordinary interest. Its author has closer and more intimate acquaintance with Japanese manners, laws, and ideas, than most of those who have written upon the history and character of an empire which is still very imperfectly understood even by visitors from the West. The numerous illustrations are mostly well chosen, and many of them taken directly from Japanese drawings, which gives them the double interest attaching at once to sketches of actual scenes and events and to specimens of national art. As a teacher in a principal Japanese college, the writer had of course special opportunities of mixing with the Japanese people, and especially with the youth of the better classes, on terms more favourable to a true apprehension of their temper and thoughts than those on which a diplomatist, whose intercourse is chiefly with official personages and of a formal kind, can generally stand. He writes with facility, and not without grace; and, though he cannot be considered by any means as an impartial observer, his sympathy with the people and with their peculiar views is a fault at all events less adverse to a true appreciation of their history and character than the prejudices of so many of their European critics. Without a knowledge of Japanese records and authorities to which very few even of the most experienced diplomats and merchants who have long lived in Japan can pretend, it would be impossible to say how far Mr. Griffis's statements can be relied upon, especially those regarding the past history of the empire and the strange revolution which has recently overthrown the system of centuries. They must be regarded, we presume, rather as a transcript of the representations made to the author by the more intelligent and well-informed of his native friends than as distinct narrative based on personal knowledge or on trustworthy records. And, since the revolution has brought to the head of affairs a set of men bitterly hostile to the power of the so-called Tycoons who so long wielded all real political authority as the heads of the feudal nobility and representatives of the *faintant* Emperor, it may be assumed that the book does some injustice to a dynasty which could not have established itself without great qualities, and whose long tenure of authority gave profound peace to Japan during several generations. But the very frankness of the hostility manifested by the author towards the recent rulers of the country puts the reader on his guard, and thus in some degree corrects itself. The revolution, moreover, appears to have been distinctly popular, except with the immediate adherents and clan of the deposed Tycoons; so that Mr. Griffis has hardly heard any other side to the story than that which is presented in his volume. His theory of Japanese history may be briefly described. According to his view, the Japanese people consist of two main elements—an aboriginal race, called the Ainos, who form the majority of the peasant class, and probably of the entire population, and who are apparently of Eastern Asiatic origin, having perhaps entered the islands at a distant date some centuries prior to that with which Japanese tradition begins (viz. B.C. 600); and a conquering race, who entered from the South, and who, under the leadership of the Mikados,

greatly extended their power, conquering one tribe of so-called barbarians and one district after another, until the whole Empire, extending over the entire Japanese Archipelago, was united under an authority as absolute and a system as well organized as that of China or Peru. The Japanese traditional system bears indeed a close resemblance to both of these in one of its most essential features—the sanctity which, based on a theory of divine descent, attaches to the Mikado as to the Incas of Peru, and, in a slighter degree, to the sovereign of the Celestial Empire. In one important particular the claim of the Mikado seems to be less dubious than that of his only living antitype; inasmuch as the present dynasty of China has originated within the memory of tradition, if not of written history; whereas that of the Mikados has, according to Japanese authorities, extended without interruption from the first divine ancestor of the line down to the present one hundred and twenty-third holder of the office. The feudal system which was swept away by the late revolution appears to be of older origin than the authority of the Tycoon. The various great clans which distributed among themselves the territory and most of the powers of the empire are said to have derived their origin from younger branches of the Imperial family, and, with that gradual decay of personal power which is almost inevitable in an unchanged and unchangeable dynasty, one after another gradually usurped the powers vested in the Mikado, and still exercised from first to last in his name. Originally they seem to have contested among themselves, not separate districts, but the control over the entire empire; gradually, as their forces became balanced and they grew weary of conflict, each taking up its station in a special region, and exercising there a gradually growing sovereignty, but always owning the supremacy of the Mikado, and afterwards bowing, with more or less of real submission according to the character of the personage holding the office, to the secular power of the Tycoon. The name of the latter, according to Mr. Griffis, is a Chinese title not bestowed by the Mikado, but usurped by the Shogun or generalissimo, in pursuance of a common practice arising out of the fact that the Japanese had no national character, but borrowed from China her letters, and to a great extent the language with which those letters are so inextricably involved. Be this as it may, it is evident that the Tycoon or Shogun was a sort of Mayor of the Palace exercising power in the name of a *faintant* sovereign, as in the later days of the first two dynasties of France, with this difference, that the prolonged period during which the sacred dynasty had exercised real power, and the divine character attached to it, rendered it impossible to depose the Imperial family, however often during the period of tutelage the actual occupant of the throne might be changed; so that there always existed in Japan a power immeasurably higher and more sacred than that of the immediate ruler, which was capable of being used by ambitious persons or by a revolutionary party for the purpose, first, of overthrowing the temporal dynasty, and, secondly, of reconciling the entire people to a new system. The divine personality of the Mikado is a tradition so much stronger and more rooted than any other national custom or idea as to be able to bestow on any new institutions originating from the Imperial authority a sanction sufficient to overcome even the strong conservative instincts of the Japanese, and to sweep away, almost without resistance, barriers to innovation certainly not less formidable than those existing in China itself. The revolution appears to have originated, according to Mr. Griffis, in the gradual enlightenment of the *Samurai*, or military class, the nobility of Japan, the only class above the peasantry possessed of all authority and office, and monopolizing all the higher social ranks and functions, without splitting up into castes; and in the weakness of the feudal chiefs of this order, the *daimios*, who had gradually declined in vigour of character and in military prowess during a long period of unbroken peace and uninterrupted hereditary succession. Several of the latter appear to have been used by the *Samurai* under their immediate command—that is, by the abler of their feudal retainers—for the purpose of overthrowing the Tycoonate, and, that once done, to have been cast aside with the utmost facility; the leaders in this work establishing themselves as the Ministers and higher officials of the restored Court of the Mikado. The exclusion of foreigners was a principal cry of the revolutionary party; but, when once made acquainted with the irresistible force at the command of more civilized Powers, the Japanese statesmen seem to have recognized the utility of their original aspiration, and to have become ambitious to appropriate to their own country at once the military weapons, the arts, and the manufacturing resources of Europe and America. This they have succeeded in doing, to an extent very surprising considering the short space of time in which so much has been accomplished. They employ foreigners in the first instance to organize the new institutions and to educate Japanese subordinates therein; these alien instruments, as soon as their work is done, being cast aside and superseded by native gentlemen, who have a peculiar aptitude and quickness in learning not merely the outer forms, but the leading ideas, of the civilization they are anxious to import. This adaptability, in which the Japanese so strikingly differ from the Chinese, affords some ground for believing that Japan can really enter into the family of civilized nations as no other Oriental State has been able to do. The episode of Christianity introduced into Japan during the seventeenth century, and almost exterminated there by persecution of the most ferocious kind after it had spread through a large portion of the population, and maintained itself for some time by force of arms, is a deeply interesting one, and very imperfectly elucidated

* *The Mikado's Empire*. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

by Mr. Griffis. The second part of his volume, which deals with his personal experiences and observations in Japan, is very entertaining, but so similar to other accounts that there is little to remark upon it beyond the fact that the author is a good observer and a friendly critic.

Mr. Waring, the author of some interesting treatises on agriculture, publishes a large and full *Handybook of Husbandry**, containing a great quantity of information likely to be useful to farmers, respecting the purchase and proper size of farms, the regular operations of farming, the implements most suited to different soils and circumstances, on the use of manures, and the breeding and feeding of live stock—in fact, respecting every department of agriculture as practised in the Northern and Western States. It is a work of a thoroughly practical character, but interesting rather to farmers than to the general reader.

The State of Virginia has, ever since the war, been anxious, on political and social as well as upon industrial grounds, to encourage the immigration of white men, and especially of Englishmen. Her ablest citizens—and no State in the Union, whether at the present time or in the past, has been so fertile in men of political judgment and capacity—feel very strongly that Virginia must depend upon white rather than upon negro labour, her climate being thoroughly suitable to the former and having no special attraction for the latter, scarcely any part of it being, even in the hottest summer, too hot for white men to work with ease and safety, and very few parts of the workable area being unhealthy for the English race. The negroes, even before the war, were employed less exclusively in agricultural labour in Virginia than in any other Southern State, except Kentucky and Missouri; their chief occupation being either in tobacco-planting or tobacco-manufacturing, and their annual increase being steadily drafted off towards those hotter States in which their labour was more necessary, just as the white surplus of the Eastern States is continually drained off towards the West where there is more room, as well as larger profits to be made by the employment both of capital and labour. Since their emancipation, the negroes have become both less useful and more troublesome. They are not numerous enough to usurp political authority, but their number is sufficient to render them a formidable political element; while the disorganization of industry and the demoralization of the race over nearly the whole territory of the State have rendered them unsteady labourers, vagabonds, and incurable pilferers. The State is so largely peopled by whites, in some districts almost exclusively, that the presence of a negro population need be no discouragement to white immigrants, while the climate and soil so much resemble those of Southern England that few parts of America would have a greater attraction for English settlers were the position of the country better understood, and were its taxation, at present perhaps its gravest difficulty, less oppressive. The volume before us † is published by State authority, for the express purpose of making known to possible settlers the advantages which Virginia can offer. Unlike the Western States, she is a fully civilized and organized community, and there are few parts of her territory where men would be necessarily exposed to the hardships and inconveniences of settlement in a new country; while the cheapness of land and the abundance of woodlands yet unimproved, combined with the greater nearness to profitable markets, place her in many respects on a more advantageous footing than even the Prairie States of the West. The Tidewater section of the State lying low, and having been the first settled, is both on account of its more complete occupation and from its geographical situation, perhaps the least tempting to Englishmen; but the slopes of the Blue Ridge on either side contain a vast abundance of first-rate farming and grazing land not at all exhausted, as parts of the Tidal region are, by the continuous growth of tobacco and the wasteful methods of slave culture; while the Valley of the Shenandoah is not altogether unworthy of the eulogy pronounced upon it by Washington as "the very garden" of the America known to him. No part of Virginia is comparable in richness, promise, or variety of resource, to California; but the Shenandoah Valley, or rather that wider area known as the Valley of Virginia, whereof the Shenandoah waters but a part, is probably equal to any region of the Far West, while its climate is certainly preferable. Lying between the 36th and 39th parallels of latitude, and nowhere more than two hundred miles distant from the Atlantic seaboard, while the isothermal lines on that side of the Atlantic fall much lower than on the coasts of Europe bathed by the Gulf Stream, Virginia has a climate tolerably mild in winter and by no means oppressive in summer, though her winter is somewhat colder and longer, especially in the western half of the State, than that of England, while her summer is warmer and longer, so that crops which can hardly be cultivated in England, especially the vine, flourish there. Perhaps the chief attraction of this State, as compared with her neighbours and rivals, is one which could hardly be dwelt upon in a volume of this sort. The Virginian people, more than any other in America, resemble Englishmen, having the calm temper, the quiet, practical judgment, the good sense and patience under inevitable troubles, the steadfast endurance, the energy and perseverance

which we are accustomed to regard as the peculiar qualities of our own race; with some little addition, perhaps, of Southern fire, but certainly without any of that hot-headed temper characteristic of the chivalry of South Carolina, and imported with the large admixture of French blood among the populations of the Mississippi Valley, which has found vent in so many acts disapproved by English feeling, and which has made an impression that will not encourage Englishmen to settle in the Cotton States. An Englishman can probably make himself more thoroughly at home in Virginia than in any other part of the Union; more so, certainly, than in that part which has usurped the name of New England, but which retains only the characteristics of one particular class or element of the English people, and that by no means the most genial or most agreeable. Free from all taint of Puritanism, the Virginians are nevertheless a sober, moral, and religious people, and there is almost as little of lawless violence among them as among our own rural population. The great trouble of the State—a taxation which since the war has become almost intolerable—will of course be lightened with each year's development of her resources, which, since the destruction of the artificial system fostered by slavery, have been more freely and equally applied than formerly, industry being no longer confined to agriculture, but addressing itself to utilize the mineral wealth, and, to some extent, the manufacturing resources of the country. Either in farming or in iron-smelting, for which the coal is near at hand, an Englishman might find abundant opportunity in Virginia; but, as regards the latter, he would probably be better off either in Pennsylvania or even in Missouri, in both which States the same proximity of iron and coal beds exist, while the amount of both is larger and their extraction not more difficult or costly. It is by reckoning at once the social and the material advantages of the Old Dominion against the material superiority and social discomforts of the West that settlers may be attracted to the former.

In British America, Manitoba, described not inaptly by Mr. Hamilton as the *Prairie Province**, offers many attractions to the agricultural immigrant, having a climate healthy, though certainly, from its long and very severe winter, trying at first to settlers from the southern part of Britain, and a soil of exuberant fertility. Its great disadvantage is its inaccessibility, the only route at all practicable being a roundabout way, partly by water and partly by land, with a great many changes involving much trouble and expense. The summer begins early and is warm and prolonged; so that, despite the winter cold, crops quite equal to those of England can be raised in a country which for nearly half a year is covered with snow. When the Intercolonial Railway shall have been completed, there can be little doubt that Manitoba will be gradually and not very slowly occupied, and at some future period she may well become the richest and most attractive portion of the Canadian Dominion; her climate being decidedly preferable, and her soil for the most part superior, to those of Minnesota and the neighbouring American States to the immediate south. A great future no doubt lies before the Prairie Province; but for the present she offers attractions only for the hardiest and most adventurous of immigrants.

Dr. Von Bezold's *Theory of Colour*† would hardly fall within the scope of this article were it not rather, as described on the title-page, an American edition than a mere translation of the German work, having been not merely authorized, but revised and enlarged, by the author himself, and having an introduction and some not uninteresting notes from the pen of an American man of science. The theory worked out by the author explains very simply and completely the failure of mixed pigments to accomplish that mixture of colour which might be expected from them if the mere colour of each were considered. Pure colour, as exhibited in the spectrum, is composed of rays of light of a certain refrangibility, and the mixture of two such colours is the combination of, say, yellow and blue light. But pigments are coloured by the extinction of certain portions of white light; and thus, a yellow pigment being one which extinguishes one large portion of the spectrum, and a blue pigment one which extinguishes another and opposite portion, the effect of the combination must be calculated, not as in the other case by an addition, but by the result of a double subtraction. The volume contains a number of illustrative plates explaining at once the so-called colour chart and the curious effects of contrasted colours; while the text gives a noteworthy warning to colourists that they must not paint what they see as the effect of contrasted colours, lest the eye of the spectator being influenced by the contrast in the picture as well as by the colours which represent that contrast in nature, the effect should be double, and the result be a hardness and violence of contrast which does not exist in nature. On the whole, the work is exceedingly interesting even to those who have no scientific or professional knowledge on the subject, and this well-executed translation, with its plates and notes, may be of great service not only to the student of painting or of optics, but to the general reader.

Mr. Morgan's *Representative Names in the History of English*

* *The Handybook of Husbandry: a Guide for Farmers, Young and Old.* By George E. Waring, Jun. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Coates & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Virginia: a Geographical and Political Summary.* Prepared and Published under the Supervision of the Board of Immigration, and by Authority of Law. Richmond, Virginia: R. F. Walker. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

* *The Prairie Province: Sketches of Travel from Lake Ontario to Lake Winnipeg.* With Maps and Illustrations. By J. C. Hamilton, M.A., LL.B. Toronto: Belford Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *The Theory of Colour in Relation to Art and Art-Industry.* By Dr. Wilhelm von Bezold. Translated from the German by S. K. Kochler. With Introduction and Notes by C. E. Pickering. Authorized American Edition, Revised and Enlarged by the Author. Boston: Prang & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

*Literature** is based on the notion of giving a sort of dictionary of eminent authors, ranking them as Sentimentalists, Satirists, Humorists, Physicists, Rhetoricians, and Metaphysicians; classifying their works in similar arbitrary fashion, and describing their character in brief quoted sentences from some more or less noted critic. The result is rather laughable and grotesque than practically useful. Fortunately the volume is a small one, and the labour bestowed on it does not seem to have been disproportionately great.

From Mr. John Harris we have two more astronomical treatises† contradicting the first principles of astronomy; generally, in this instance at least, through an utter want of apprehension of the meaning of astronomical terms, and an imperfect knowledge of ascertained facts. He denies the inclination of the earth's axis, using the word "obliquity" instead of "inclination"; the latter term exactly indicating the nature of his error, which lies in supposing that obliquity is an absolute characteristic, whereas it means merely a certain inclination to a special plane—in this instance the plane of the earth's orbit. In like manner, he finds a denial of the doctrine of the velocity of light on certain theories of his own respecting the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites; apparently in profound ignorance that, though the doctrine was originally derived from these, it has since been verified and ascertained beyond question by utterly independent experiments. Of all circle-squarers and mathematical monomaniacs, this gentleman is perhaps the most diligent, the best informed, and the most persevering in an infinite variety of astronomical and mathematical errors. It is worth while to glance at least through one or two of his volumes in order to see how elaborately and logically it is possible for a man to blunder.

Mr. Larned's *Talks upon Labour* ‡, despite the modest introduction, are characterized by a pretentious ignorance and perversity which are capable of doing mischief altogether disproportionate to the author's powers of apprehension, or even of expression, inasmuch as they favour the shallowest of current popular fallacies and the worst passion of the lower classes—envy of the wealth, influence, and luxury of the higher. For mere ignorance of economical principles the writer might be excused; but the worst feature of his book is the tendency to introduce wholly irrelevant questions—as, for example, to excite ill feeling against the rights of capitalists by urging that capital has generally been acquired by speculation—which he, with a not uncommon misconception of facts, describes as pure gambling, utterly useless to society—or by actual fraud. His attacks on the expenditure of the rich are equally foolish and mischievous; but here he has the countenance of some who ought to have known better.

In signal contrast to this weak and mischievous volume is a little treatise entitled *Common Sense, or, First Steps in Political Economy* §, wherein the elementary principles of the science are so stated as to be fairly comprehensible by the boys and girls for whose use it is intended. If, amid the many superficial text-books on a multitude of subjects employed in American schools, this simple sketch of truths which lie at the root of most great political questions, and have a bearing on all social and commercial life, were commonly and thoroughly taught in American schools, we might hope that the next generation of citizens would be able to shake off the Protectionist delusions which still appear to preponderate among the present.

Dr. Holland's *Everyday Topics*|| contain a good deal that might be more appropriate perhaps in a volume of sermons, and not a little that is exaggerated and unsound; but the greater part of the matter relates to practical questions of daily life, social, domestic, and commercial, and the volume contains many suggestions that are, if not exactly original, at least stated with sufficient force and clearness not to be trite or tedious. The book may do real service to such thoughtless, but not ill-meaning, young men as form the majority of each successive generation in almost every civilized country.

A painfully interesting and very curious work is the history of the loss of the child named Charley Ross¶, kidnapped some time ago in Philadelphia, who, though his alleged captors were taken and killed, and though one of them confessed their guilt, has never been discovered. The sensational illustrations and the use of sensational incident and language are probably due to the publishers rather than to the author—the father of the child—whose only purpose appears to be to make clearly known to his countrymen the true story of an event which has excited a keen national interest, to clear his family from all possibility of doubt or suspicion, and perhaps to diffuse such information as may help, in case any clue to the whereabouts of the lost child should be accident-

* *Representative Names in the History of English Literature*. By H. H. Morgan. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Lectures on Astronomical Theories*. By John Harris. 2 vols. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *Talks upon Labour, and concerning the Evolution of Justice between the Labourers and the Capitalists*. By J. N. Larned. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Common Sense; or, First Steps in Political Economy*. For the Use of Families and Normal Classes. By M. R. Leverson, Dr. Ph., M.A. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

|| *Everyday Topics: a Book of Briefs*. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶ *Charley Ross, the Kidnapped Child*. By Christian K. Ross. Philadelphia: Porter & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

ally discovered, in tracking and identifying him. It certainly seems strange that, considering the extreme excitement which this incident produced not only in Philadelphia and throughout the State, but over nearly the whole Union, no such clue should have been found during the space of two years, despite the receipt of frequent letters from the kidnappers which one would have thought should have given some indication. On the complete failure to track the child even after the death of the chief criminals, a contemporary finds the suggestion that the little boy was probably murdered by the chief conspirator, without the knowledge of his accomplices, immediately after his abduction; and this painful possibility is rendered less improbable by the fact that on no occasion do the kidnappers seem to have proposed delivering up the boy till some time after the payment of the ransom they demanded. The peculiar character of American settlement, so large an area of the country being unoccupied and imperfectly known, consisting of vast forests and unoccupied mountains, renders brigandage of any kind a special danger, and makes Americans very susceptible to alarms excited by outrages which, however exceptional, could obviously be repeated with extreme ease. Probably the chief check on the desperadoes who might otherwise resort to a profession for which the nature of the country affords such facilities lies in this very susceptibility of the people, which ensures that robbers of any sort will be hunted down with something of the same universal activity and interest that has been displayed in the search for Charley Ross.

Of the fictions before us, *A Woman's Wiles** is a novel of the average sentimental and sensational sort; *Snowed Up* † a vigorous story of sport and peril; while *Elsie's Motherhood* ‡, continuing the fictitious record of the heroine's girlhood and womanhood, is in its domestic parts a not ungraceful or unpleasant tale, but is defaced by political episodes which indicate either profound ignorance or bitter partisanship, or more probably both, on the part of the author. *Near to Nature's Heart* § is a second-rate story by an author who has published many of the same sort, and belongs to the rank of what are commonly known as "Railway Novels" in this country, and are chiefly sold for railway reading in America.

* *A Woman's Wiles*. By Celia E. Gardner, Author of "Stolen Waters," "Broken Dreams," &c. Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Snowed Up; or, the Sportsman's Club in the Mountains*. By Harry Castlemore. Philadelphia: Porter & Co. Cincinnati: Carroll & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Elsie's Motherhood*. By Martha Farquharson. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Near to Nature's Heart*. By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," &c. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Mr. Stephen E. de Vere has written to us with reference to a passage in the article on "Changes of Name" which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of October 28, 1876. Mr. de Vere quotes in detail family and other documents which he regards as conclusively proving the marriage of Henry Hunt, of Gosfield in Essex, with Jane de Vere, daughter of a son of John Earl of Oxford, in the reign of Henry VIII., and the descent of the present Sir Edmond de Vere from the issue of such marriage. We cannot here enter into the question of historical fact, but Mr. de Vere's statement makes it impossible to doubt the good faith with which the family tradition of the marriage and descent referred to, and the claim founded thereon, have been maintained. Mr. de Vere informs us that Sir Bernard Burke has erased from the new edition of his Peerage and Baronetage the words which seemed to imply a doubt as to the marriage of Henry Hunt with Jane de Vere.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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[November 25, 1876]

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